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Chapman

SUNGLEAMS AND SHADOWS

BY

EDWARD CAPERN,

AUTHOR OF "POEMS," "BALIADS AND SONGS," "WAYSIDE WARBLERS,"
AND THE "DEVONSHIRE MELODIST."



Hark ! Hey away ! his "Lillelu,"
The throstle-cock is sounding ;
It's O ! to brush the bonny dew,
Where merry stags are bounding.

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"The murkiest wave hath its eddy of light,
'The sunniest ripple its shade."

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

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HOUGHTON AND HAMMOND, PRINTERS, BIRMINGHAM.

THIS VOLUME
IS DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,
TO
ALDERMAN THOMAS AVERY, J.P.,
EDGBASTON,
AS A MARK OF THE AUTHOR'S HIGH APPRECIATION
OF HIS
UNFAILING COURTESY,
AND THE
WARM INTEREST
HE HAS ALWAYS MANIFESTED
IN THE
SOCIAL, INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL ADVANCEMENT
OF
THE PEOPLE.

P R E F A C E.

THE second edition of "WAYSIDE WARBLER" being out of print, I have been repeatedly asked, either to re-publish them, or give the public a new volume of my lyrics. After duly considering the matter I have decided on adopting the latter course, and I trust that the contents of the present work will be found worthy of the same favour so generously accorded to my former productions.

As heretofore, I have sought my inspiration in the field and the lane, in the woodland and by the stream, and the majority of the poems now presented to the world for the first time, have been composed during my rambles.

I must not omit here to mention the obligations I owe to the Press for the very flattering manner in which it has always noticed my writings; and my best thanks and acknowledgments are also due to Mr. Thomas Murby, of 32, Bouverie Street, London, and the Proprietors of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Good Words*, *Saturday Journal*, *Day of*

Rest, Mid-England, Leisure Hour, Fun, Hood's Comic Annual, etc., etc., for their kindness in permitting me to use the Poems which had previously appeared in their publications.

It is right, too, that I should state for the information of my numerous friends, who were so good as to favour me with their support, when more than twelve months ago I first advertised "SUNGLEAMS AND SHADOWS," that, but for a severe and prolonged domestic affliction, this volume would have appeared at a much earlier date.

In conclusion, let me say I am deeply sensible of the fact that after being before the Public for a quarter of a century, I have, in addition to those of my old friends still surviving in Devon and elsewhere, whose interest in my work has never flagged from the commencement of my literary career, a large and increasing circle of readers in the Midlands, where I have resided during the past fourteen years, to all of whom I tender my most cordial and grateful thanks.

EDWARD CAPERN.

Heath Road, Harborne,

March 2nd, 1881.

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ERRATA.

Page 142, line 11, for "take Thee at," read "rest upon."

Page 168 (foot note), for "Church, &c.," read "In the Church, &c."

Page 177, line 12, for "angel's," read "angels'."

Page 185, line 17, for "excelleth," read "excellest."

Page 187 (foot note), for "Aug 9th," read "Aug. 9th, 1877,"

Page 123, for "borne," read "born."



SUNGLEAMS.



“The merry sunshine makes for earth
A happy holiday ;
And he who sings of Nature’s mirth
Gives life a golden ray.”

How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks
The wayward brain, to saunter through a wood !
An old place, full of many a lovely brood,
Tall trees, green arbours, and ground flowers in flocks.

WORDSWORTH.



TO THE READER.

SUN-GLEAMS and shadows? yes, just so ;
Bright glintings of the May ;
And little palls on frozen snow,
Beneath a cypress-spray.

Still, read no more, if thou would'st crave
All sunshine, and no shade ;
While primrose makes her dewy grave
Within her native glade.

Yet know, I almost worship light,
And sometimes, thinking wrong,
Wish we had little less of night,
And for the sigh, a song.

But, gentle reader, take my book
As young men take their loves,
Away unto some quiet nook
Made musical with doves ;

And having scanned it, pardon me
 For taxing so thy time,
 Unless thine eye arrested be
 To revel in a rhyme.

Or thou hast learnt, with me, to sing
 Of simple wayside weeds—
 To the wild music of the spring,
 That purls amid the reeds ;

And shout, as comes the bright bluebell,
 Delighted as a boy,
 " I never can refuse to tell
 The world what I enjoy."

THE SECRET OF MY ART.

WHAT is the secret of my Art?
 In honest faith I never knew it :
 I simply play the loyal part,
 And write as nature bids me do it.

And oh ! of all the joys I know,
 There are but few like that of singing,
 When souls with rapture overflow
 To fairy-love bells sweetly ringing ;

Most happy then it is for me,
If I am in some ferny dingle,
And wandering, like a honey-bee,
To the wild music of my jingle.

I have no other Art but this,
I fly the fog, where fancy lingers,
And numbers, that will run amiss,
Like those men count upon the fingers.

Right helter skelter on I dash,
Unweeting of the tune or measure,
Delighted, with each sunny flash
Of thought, alive with heart and pleasure.

And this would be reward enough,
If self-enjoyment were the reason
That made me sing, by brake and bluff,
The first fair floweret of each season :

But, when I find my artless songs
Can make e'en chilly winter warmer,
And touch to mirth the children's tongues,
Ambition makes me play the charmer.



PASTORAL PICTURES.

TWIRLING into quaintest notes
 Of interrogation,
 As a host of feathered throats
 Sing with emulation ;
 Mark the little lambs at play,
 Dancing to their praises,
 Asking, in their pretty way,
 Where can be the daisies ?

Now athwart the azure sky,
 Paying spring a favour,
 Shoots the gladsome lark on high,
 Music's living quaver ;—
 Lilting up his airy way,
 Full of adoration ;—
 Happy seraph of the May !
 For the new creation.

Daisies, rathe and rosy-rinim'd,
 'Mid the tender grasses,
 Golden boss'd, and nectar brimm'd,
 Welcome now the lasses ;—
 While around, from sea to sea,
 Mellow cuckoos singing,
 Come to keep us company,
 Joyful tidings bringing.

Sweet, oh ! sweet is summer-time,
 White with hawthorn-blossoms,
 Life's delight, and golden prime
 Of impassion'd bosoms.
 When, from silv'ry clouds above,
 Down to marish rushes,
 Nature chants one song of love,
 Choruss'd by the thrushes.

1879.

LILLELU.

ON HEARING THE THRUSH SING HIS FIRST SPRING SONG.

“LILLELU !” that's he I know,
 Listen, love, he'll sing again,
 “Tewtewet, tewet, tewoo.”
 What a charm is in his strain !
 This is what he seems to say—
 “Winter ! thou hast had thy share,
 Let our little maiden fair,
 Snowdrop, show her face to-day,
 “Lillelu ! Lillelu ! Lillelu !”

“Lillelu !” that is the word
 The throstle trills when deep in love,
 As, perched above his mate, the bird
 In tenderness outvies the dove :—
 It means, if I interpret right,
 “ My love is sweet, and she is near,
 The sweetest sweetling, is my dear ; ”
 And this he sings from morn to night—
 “ Lillelu ! Lillelu ! Lillelu ! ”

“Lillelu !” just mark the notes,
 The cream and honey of his song ;
 And as the strain mellifluous floats,
 And sweeps the fragrant vales along,
 I catch, as I have caught, the soul
 Of everything he sings, and sense :—
 As hidden by some hawthorn-fence,
 I've heard his bursts of passion roll,
 “ Lillelu ! Lillelu ! Lillelu ! ”

“Lillelu !” the master-tone
 And key-note of each merry lay ;
 For sings he not one song alone,
 He has a song for every day ;
 And rich and various as his themes,
 So are the solos of his choice ;
 And given with a flexile voice,
 In matins, and in vesper hymns,—
 “ Lillelu ! Lillelu ! Lillelu ? ”

“Lillelu !” the country side
Rings ever with the sweet refrain ;
But would'st thou hear him in his pride,
Then seat thyself in yonder plain,
And see that he's a six-year-old,
A bird of courage in his prime,
And let young April be the time,
And thou shalt find him brave and bold—
“Lillelu ! Lillelu ! Lillelu !”

“Lillelu !” he giveth thrice,
In the sweetest tone he sings,
“Toot-toot-toot,” and “tulu” twice,
Till the whole theatre rings.
Then he makes his glorious runs
O'er the octaves to the close,
Major notes and minor ones,
Seeking, not till night, repose—
“Lillelu ! Lillelu ! Lillelu !”

February 10th, 1876.

WOMAN.

SWEET woman brightens daily life,
By love and cheerful duty ;
Our rainbow, in its storm of strife,
That paints the cloud with beauty.

A LOVE SONG.

A RAPTURE trilling from the heart,
 A gush of inspiration,
 A sigh we breathe, when far apart,
 With musical vibration.

A thread, on which the poet strings
 The jewels of affection ;
 A melody, the whole world sings,
 When Love makes his selection.

Who will may make the laws for me,
 Who will may build the city,
 And pen the prosy things that be,
 Let me but pipe my ditty.

Some tender love-lay, nothing else,
 The simple song revealing ;
 A power that stirs the vital pulse
 Of universal feeling.

Harborne, October 25th, 1876.



PURPOSE.

Thus a minstrel, as he ponder'd,
 Sang of purpose on a day,
 As he saw men faint and falter
 At the dangers of the way.

“What is evil? Who will answer?
 There is little we can find
 That may not be made a blessing,
 As a buttress for the mind.

As the prospect wider opens
 To the climber in his path,
 And the mower scents the fragrance
 Of his labour in the swath,

And the earth-root of the seedling
 Striketh down into the night,
 While the blade, with soul diviner,
 Struggles upward to the light,

’Till the patience of the sower
 By the yellow sheaf is crown’d ;
 So, in bitter pain and travail,
 Golden guerdons aye are found.

Up, my soul, then, and the hero
Play with all thy might and main,
And, with trusty sword, advancing,
Meet the battle thou would'st gain.

Who is he that dares to hinder
Courage on a purpose bent ?
Bid him stay the whizzing arrow
By the master-archer sent ;

Bid him bind the winds of Heaven,
Still the tempest, span the sky,
Chain the comet, tame the ocean,
Bar the lightnings as they fly,

Where's the rock too hard for boring
When a diamond cuts the way ?
And an earnest soul in action
Is a fate the Gods obey.

What is hindrance to the lesser,
To the greater is an aid.
Is the torrent by a boulder
In its raging fury stay'd ?

Opposition maketh valiant,
And those mightiest are hail'd
Who with few in number triumph
When by 'whelming hosts assail'd.

Throw the coward down, he flattens,
 Like a soulless lump of lead ;
 But, the heavier falls the hero,
 Higher bounds he o'er your head.

Nothing that can be accomplish'd
 Is impossible to him ;
 Clear he sees in cloudy regions
 Where the craven's sight is dim.

What's the Materhorn or Maëlstrom
 To the man with soul to dare,
 Whose march-word, " Nil desperandum,"
 Cows the very fiend Despair ?

Naught to him are plotting mortals,
 As they fret, and fume, and mar ;
 And, with petty hate and envy,
 Wound and harrass in the war.

Till a moth, then, stops the fountain,
 And a rushlight shames the sun,
 And the mouse o'erturns the mountain,
 High Resolve his course will run,—

With a fixed and noble PURPOSE,
 Shouting, ' Death or Victory !
 Man is not a two-legg'd creature,
 But a demi-god is he.' "

TO A MOSS ROSE.

BRIGHT offspring of a fairy clime !
 Embalmed in many an olden rhyme ;
 When first we met, at summer time,
 In my belovèd West,—
 Young Poesy came every day,
 With song of bird, and bloomy spray,
 And all the world was blest.

A deeper blush suffused thy cheek,
 Methought, when I essayed to speak
 A word of praise, but words were weak
 To sing thy matchless worth ;
 And yet at times my simple strains
 Were honoured, for the singer's pains,
 Queen Rose of all the earth !

So dainty, and so delicate,
 And so ethereal's thy state,
 Young Zephyr wooed thee for his mate,
 With aromatic kiss ;
 And wrapped thee in a robe of moss,
 Lest Beauty's self should suffer loss,
 And life its rapture miss.

Enough ! had I a golden flute,
Soft toned as is an elfin lute,
Thy meetest praise were worship mute,
 While music filled the air
With melodies of birds and bees,
And whisperings of summer trees,
 Sweet wonder of the fair !

August 1st, 1878.

MUTE-MELODY.

THERE is a silent music of the soul,
 That, waiting for an utterance in words,
Will burst at length, impatient of control,
 Like vernal melodies of singing birds.

OLD LOVE LANE.

Just a blue-bell, here and there, now marks the pleasant
 way we took
To the cottage in the valley, by the little purling brook ;
There were balmy hawthorn hedgerows, then, with
 primroses and fern,
And the red rose-campion met us, in the lane at
 every turn.

In the merry month of April, when the willows woo
the gale,
And miles of meadow-buttercups make golden every
vale ;
And in the bonny May-moon time, when daisies, all
aglow,
Paint every pleasant field with sweet white showers
of sunny snow.

There we, halting, plucked the wilding, and, a moment
to beguile,
Enquired of it our fortune, as we rested on the stile ;
But no vestige of the bankside lingers now, or gate, to
show
The track of the old vanished lane of love's sweet
long ago.

Edgbaston, May, 1878.

A WEDDING FAVOUR.

LOVE-WEDDED in these sunny times
Of lily-bloom and rose,
Made sweeter with the scent of limes
By every wind that blows ;
Ye have a fragrant prophecy,
And pledge, of rare felicity.

LOVE OF NATURE

EARTH seems pausing in her race ;—
 While the winds, I know not why,
 Through the silent realms of space,
 "Half-regretful softly sigh.

Yet the folk move to and fro,
 One may note them every day ;
 Hasting come, and hasting go,
 Seeing nothing on their way.

Skies to them are ever blue ;
 Autumn much the same as Spring :
 All is old, and nothing new ;
 Birds are birds, and they should sing.

Is it not so ?—yet I feel
 Oft impelled to halt awhile,
 Where the silvery brooklets steal
 Out into the sun, and smile.

Whence this subtile sympathy
 'Twixt dull matter and the mind,
 And which, moving aye in me,
 Is not common to my kind.

Not in any school was taught
 The sweet trick of doing so,
 Nature woos me, and the thought
 Tells it if I write or no.

Nov. 11th, 1875.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SPRING.

SWEET Spirit of the Spring,
 I hear thee on the wing ;
 I saw thee leave thy darling where the snowdrops shed
 their light ;
 And I heard thee, singing, say,
 Come, love, with me away,
 And I'll chant a sweeter matin as we sunward take
 our flight.

I will show thee where the lilies,
 The laughing daffodillies,
 Are bright with golden halos and bending o'er the
 brooks,
 Whose pretty, playful ways
 Have scooped out fairy bays
 In the willow-wattled bank-side and by alder-shaded
 nooks.

Come say, love, wilt thou follow,
 Over height and primrose hollow?
 I will give thee in a solo the heart's sweet overflow,
 Till the merle takes up the chorus,
 As the zephyrs whisper o'er us,
 "O most pleasant 'tis to warble where the daffodillies
 grow."

Sweet Spirit of the Spring,
 'Tis heaven to hear thee sing,
 For spring, with flowers and sunshine, and the merry
 lark away,
 Were but an eyeless Grace,
 With the soul out of her face,
 Though our children light the meadows and frisky
 lambkins play.

MY BEAUTIFUL LAND OF THE WEST.

SONG.

THE Cingalese boast of their isle,
 With its citron and cinnamon-groves,
 Where the brightest of summer-suns smile,
 And Joy in a Paradise roves;
 I know it is fragrant and fair,
 Its charms have been ever confessed,
 But no spot with my own can compare—
 My beautiful land of the West.

Of the far away region of Ind,
The swarthy skinned children sing ;
As their bungalows home to their mind
Their memories lovingly bring ;
But vain are the groves of Cashmere,
With maidens all gorgeously dressed,
They vanish whenever appear
The dreams of my beautiful West.

They say that the thrushes are mute,
If Philomel thither doth stray,
And pensively trills, like a lute,
The notes of her pastoral lay ;
No marvel ! so strange is her song,
Regretful to leave, and distressed,
Her burden the day and night long
Is, " Beautiful land of the West."

FLORAL FELLOWSHIP.

O, FLOWERS ! so mutely eloquent,
Whose lips ambrosial breathe the scent
Of Eden in Earth's primal days—
When Eve to Adam sang your praise

In virginal and sweetest song,
With unpolluted heart and tongue.—
Ye have two worshippers to-day !
The ardent sun, whose golden ray
Your halo makes, an aureole
Of glory, giving to the whole
A beauty so immaculate,
I hold you all inviolate.
Speak, fair one ! from the sunny Loire,
Close neighbouring by Dijon's "Gloire ;"
And thou, the "Duke," with radiant crest,
And "Prince Camille" in crimson drest ;
Thou, too, celestially serene,
Of white rosebuds the Bride and Queen ;
And lastly, thou the crowning one,
Whose soul-born passion for the sun
Hath made thee, blushing to the core,
Of rapt delight the cynosure !
Thou passing fair and odorous thing,
Love's blossom with betrothal ring,
In mossy mantelet arrayed,
And dearer than the "Bourbon" maid ;
What is your ministry below ?
It must be one of grace, I trow.
But as I write your petals fall,
To deck your own sweet funeral—
Which makes me half unconscious sigh
To think such lovely things must die.

Thus full of gratitude, that we
 Have shared your love and purity ;
 And that, when you have ceased to live,
 You still will sweetest odour give,
 I, lacking the magician's art
 To stay the fell destroyer's dart,
 Would fain embalm you in a line,
 And so your subtile charms enshrine.

THE SPRING O' THE DAWN.

SONG.

O ! HAVE you been up when the spring o' the dawn
 With its glow lights the green on the brow o' the lawn,
 Ere the "bell" o' the buck wakes the doe, with her
 fawn
 To hear the lark's song in the morning ;

The bonny wee warbler, refresh'd with his rest,
 "Good morrow !" lilt's out to his love in her nest,
 While pluming his pinions and rearing his crest
 To welcome the light o' the morning.

Now fluttering his wings, all bedabbl'd with dew,
 He soars up the grey for a sight o' the blue,
 Loud singing his song, until lost to the view,
 His first merry song in the morning.

So it's O! to be out in the spring o' the dawn,
 When the glare o' the grey greens the grass on the
 lawn,
 Ere the bellowing buck wakes the doe, with her fawn,
 To hear the gay lark in the morning.

 MAIDENHOOD.

TO ROSE.

MAIDENHOOD's the May of life,
 Charming, bright, and sweet sixteen ;
 Little care and little strife,
 Hope, and heart, and fancy green.

Then the rose is partly blown,
 Love's most captivating lure ;
 Life a dulcet semitone,
 And the lily-bell is pure.

Soft enchantments everywhere,
 Work their spells upon the soul ;
 Earth bewitches—Heaven is fair,
 All is bliss from pole to pole.

Take thy pleasure, Rose, to day,
 Harvest sunshine for thy gloom ;
 Know December makes no hay,
 Meadows do not ever bloom.

DOROTHY.

A NEW YEAR'S HANDSEL.

A LITTLE living flash of light !
 She met my gaze a year ago ;
 Lithe, golden-lock'd, in blue and white,
 With forehead like the virgin snow,
 Joy gave his jewels for her eyes ;
 And such a grace was in her mien,
 I stood entranc'd with rapt surprise !
 And idoliz'd the tiny queen.
 Methinks I hear her bird-like call,
 When I enshrin'd her as my saint ;
 And see the legends in the hall,
 That decorate her palace quaint.
 In olden English " East or West,"
 For them Contentment did bestead,
 Was o'er the hearth with " Hame is best,"
 And " Give us Lord our daily bread."
 It was a literary " meet"
 A sweet exchange of courtesies ;
 And as we took our homeward beat,
 Along a lane with pleasant trees,
 A friend this simple question ask'd,
 " You saw that pretty thing at play,
 Wilt have her little life unmask'd " ?

Then sauntering upon the way
"A strange romance indeed," he said,
"As strange as aught thine ears can hear,
Is thrown around that little maid,"
The tale—whose finis is a tear.

"The merry mass was nearly o'er,
The moon was frozen in the sky ;
Deep lay the snow upon the moor ;
And stars were shiv'ring in the sky :—
The owl in yonder hollow tree,
Ne'er ventur'd forth in search of prey ;
And silence could not deader be,
That hour before the New Year's day.
When lo ! a peasant passing by,
Returning from the ringing feast,
Heard a long faint and tremulous cry,
Unlike the wail of bird or beast ;
And halting for awhile the sound
Came with the driving sleet again ;
When nearing it behold he found
A little babe upon the plain.
Hard was his hand, but soft his heart,
He clasp'd the infant to his breast,
And proud to play a parent's part,
He made the little thing a nest.
There ! that's the place, and that's the brick,
That made its pillow, which you see ;"

Then leaping o'er the fencing, quick
He broke a portion off for me.
I see the very spot in Kent,
Hard by a village church it lies,
With ancient lichgate weather-rent ;
And yew-grove barring out the skies.
But to his story. " Love is love
And 'tis the sweetest thing on earth ;
Know nothing could the infant move,
Or make it show a sign of mirth ;
And so, of course, when daylight came,
The ' find ' was rumour'd far and near ;
And many a maid, and married dame,
Call'd in, and dropp'd soft pity's tear :
Still not a token gave the child
That it was pleas'd, or satisfied,—
Until yon lady on it smil'd,
When lo ! to lift its hands it tried.
She bending lower down, it clung
Around her fair and slender neck ;
When the sweet lullaby was sung,
As tears ran down, a tiny beck.
' Heaven's will be done,' the lady said,
' I have no child, I'll cherish thee.'
The foundling is that blue-eye'd maid,
God's gift—they nam'd her Dorothy."

THE PINNACLE OF FAME.

WOULD'ST mount it? know 'tis next the sky!
 And when 'tis reach'd, 'tis hard to stand
 Observ'd by every curious eye
 That seeks a wonder in the land.

The glowworms light their little fires,
 Unharm'd in the untrodden ways;
 While lighthouse-lamps and temple-spires
 Attract the levin's deadly blaze.

So hear, before thou dost ascend,
 If thou must climb its slipp'ry steep;
 Small danger little souls attend,
 The fall of great men is sea-deep.

WOMAN'S STRENGTH.

Who ever had a thought of might
 When speaking of the flowers?
 We only think of the delight
 They give in sunny hours;
 Or how, when heaven is black with gloom,
 And human hearts are sad,
 We bear them to the sick one's room
 To make the spirit glad.

Yet lilies bending to the blast,
Are delicately strong ;
And fledglings as the storms sweep past
Will suffer little wrong.
The lark sits closer to her nest
As beats the pelting rain ;
For there's a fire within her breast,
That never glows in vain.

The force of feeble helplessness,
What hero can withstand ?
The little infant's fond caress
Makes strong the heart and hand.
And O ! what power is in a smile,
And might in simple words !
E'en whispers can our woes beguile
And charm like happy birds.

What so defenceless as a dove,
Or little meek-eyed lamb ?
And yet we keep the first for love,
And when, without its dam,
The orphan wean bleats on the waste,
How potent is its voice
To make the faithful shepherd haste,
And bid its heart rejoice.

So, weakness is a woman's strength,
She, powerless to defend
Herself, will own the man at length
Her best and bravest friend ;
Yet when in times of sore distress,
His hope despairing flies—
Strong in her love and tenderness
She saves him or she dies.

THE LITTLE BLIND LAMB.

HE who hath open eyes may see
God's care is over all ;
This lovely truth was taught to me
One April festival—

When earth was green, and heaven was blue,
And with prismatic light,
There shone in every drop of dew
A little jewel bright.

“Come, let us o'er the stile, across
The meadow to the dell,
Where Oberon's shield, with golden boss
Blows by the moschatel.”

Thus spake my friend ; I followed, when
He whispered as he led,—
“ You see those sheep on yonder plain,”
“ I do,” I softly said.

“ Well, when we near that little lamb,
That’s feeding there apart
Without the care of gentle dam,
Be cautious lest it start.”

I watched the little lonely thing,
Wee orphan of the flock ;
Until it reached a tiny spring
That bubbled from a rock.

And then it gave a plaintive bleat,
To which no answer came,
And oft and oft did it repeat .
The cry, the very same.

When lo ! a sound as of a bird,
At which it pricked its ears ;
And then a kindly voice I heard
Dispelling all its fears.

“ What ails my pretty ? Hither pet ;”
It wriggled first its tail,
A sight I never shall forget,
Then sniffed the odorous gale.

And springing with a thrill of love,
Sped swiftly o'er the ground ;
And answering its friend above,
Kept straight towards the sound.

“Just go you on, with noiseless tread,”
Said he, “and bear in mind,
Don't get, if you would pat its head,
Between it and the wind.”

In following my friends behest,
I marked the pretty thing
Of the sweet herbage, cropped the best
That clothed the fields of spring.

But as the space that did divide
Us less and lesser grew,
A sight pathetic, I espied,
As ever met my view.

The little, sightless, innocent,
Sore startled by its fear,
Appeared to see my whole intent,
And eye me with its ear :

For back, towards a purling rill,
As I advanced, it stept,
And, keeping the same distance still,
Itself in safety kept.

Another signal, from my friend,
At which it made a bound ;
And hastened to the further end,
Delighted at the sound.

And having pressed him with its head,
Obedient to command ;
“There’s not a thing but loves,” he said,
“To feel the human hand.”

Then did I learn, for evermore,
From that poor lambkin’s state,—
That Heav’n hath aye a joy in store,
To cheer a hapless fate.

THE DIVINE HARMONY OF THINGS.

HE who made all things well, hath all ordained ;
Harmonious change is His most stedfast plan :
Great sinners’ love is ever most unfeigned ;
And God’s bright glory most is seen in man ;
His mercy shone, when he was under ban :
Hills rise out of the valleys, yet we see
Without the valleys no huge hills there be.

When lands lie fallow, Nature's force is rife ;
Upon her couch, the earth is taking rest,
The Winter sleeps, that spring-time, fresh with life,
May rear her flowers, and be with joyance blest.
The bird, of shrivelled leaves, makes cosiest nest.
Without the setting comes no rising sun ;
And night shows not her stars till day is done !

The bitter draught, more welcome makes the sweet ;
Forgiveness hath no virtue, without wrong ;
The slow wayfarer tireth out the fleet ;
And he thinks deepest, with a silent tongue ;
The bird that sings is captured for its song ;
While those that mute be, know no captive's pain ;
And humblest souls, the highest heavens gain.

Harborne, December, 14th. 1870.

THE LILY.

TO TOTTIE.

See'st thou the pretty fairy curl
Of this sweet lily, named the " Queen " ?
Each odorous petal is a pearl
Set round a heart of gold and green.
So be thou too, a vestal white,
And incense bearer of the light.

THE THREE GRACES.

Deborah Dove, and Josephine,
 Tripping o'er the village green,
 Oh ! how beautiful the pair !
 And the maids are debonair.
 Deborah's a proud brunette,
 Josephine a blonde coquette ;
 Fairy twins ! now tell to me
 Which my favourite will be ?

Fairer than the summer-sheen,
 Is the lovely Josephine ;
 With a blue, bewitching eye,
 Changing ever, like the sky.
 Deborah's lustre is the light
 Of the levin in the night ;
 Flashing with as fine a scorn
 As an eagle's in the morn.

Josephine has slender hands,
 Delicate as lily-wands ;
 Lips, as the carnation sweet ;
 And the daintiest of feet.
 Deborah is firmly knit,
 Strong of hand, and keen of wit ;
 And, unmoved as Mona's rock,
 Braves the fiercest tempest-shock.

Deborah Dove, and Josephine,
 Two such maids are rarely seen ;—
 Deborah, the dark brunette,
 Josephine, the blonde coquette ;
 But the rose of innocence,
 Dora ! with her love intense,
 Who entranced me yester-e'en,
 Deborah shames, and Josephine.

July 31st, 1870.

WORSHIP.

SAY, what is worship, but a sense
 Of holy joy, that love is born ;
 That interfusing effluence
 Of heav'n which glorifies the morn.
 Some lovely vision takes the sight,
 Some vestal in her virgin charms,
 Chaste Dian with her silver light,
 Or babe inviolate in arms,
 Or Love's fair lady-rose, Celine,
 In lily lustre, may be seen ;
 When Rapture, radiant, flaps her wings,
 And all around with music rings.

A WAYSIDE CALL.

“It is not good to be alone,”
 Thus said the High and Holy One,
 Of our first father's state ;
 And so I felt to-day, as I
 In solitude went musing by
 Thy old familiar gate.

And hence I've dropped in just to see,
 If thou wilt bear me company,
 For one short hour or so ;
 I know thy philosophic mind,
 And that to list, thou art inclined ;
 But let us up and go.

As one by one the flowers appear,
 To calender the rolling year,
 'Tis well and wise to mark,
 That beauty is the aim and end
 Of all that nature does, my friend ;
 Nor gropes she in the dark :—

Progressively, by devious ways,
She here a tint or form displays,
Her purpose to disclose ;
Perfection running up the range,
By an eternal law of change,
To the consummate rose.

Behold it, in its blushing pride
And glory, as the summer's bride,
And idol of the sun !
And catch the incense of its breath,
Then sigh with me, that ruthless death
Will claim so fair a one.

And yet perchance, it may be so,
That flowers that come, and fading go,
More perfect are above ;
As death, that took that babe of thine,
No longer mortal, but divine,
Diviner made thy love.



MY REPLY.*

WHAT do I think of Devon now ?

I would, my friend, that I could tell,
For joy beats wild within my brow,
And speech is holden with a spell.

From Twyford-town† to Tamer-tide,
And Berry Head to Barum Pool,
I love its dear old country side,
In rustic phrase, both "mor and mool." ‡

And every lyn, hoe, tor, and strand,
Bluff, river, wood, and rocky lane,
Cliff, close, croft, carn, and beach o' sand,
'Tween Babbicombe and Barricane.

I am a child among the flowers,
My love did ever lean that way,
With them I deck my singing bowers,
And with them all my fancies play.

And so, for very shame, I blush,
To think I e'er forsook her charms ;
Sweet Paradise of lark and thrush,
Where Beauty waits with open arms ;

* Written on my return from Ilfracombe, North Devon.

† Ancient name of Tiverton.

‡ Root and Mould.

And hedgerows, built of fuschias, stand,
With crimson droplets hanging down
In graceful trails along the land,
O'er sedgy banks with mosses brown.

My cheeks are burning as I write,
That, living in so bleak a spot,
I thought not that her myrtle bright
Bloomed ever in its garden knot.

That the verbena, here a dwarf,
Grew there into a towering tree,
And hung aloft its fragrant scarf,
O'er lavender and rosemary.

And the arbutis, rich in bloom
And crimson berries, are her boast ;
And death had not the power to doom
The rose to wither on her coast.

But how can I depict in song
The escallonia in its pride ?
Whose buds blush all the winter long,
With red geraniums by its side :

Or uplands, rich with smiling vines ?
Or vales, where cream and honey flow ?
And junkets, sweet as native wines ?
Or meadows where the hawthorns blow ?

Then when I sought her balmy shades,
With primrose tuft, and flashing burn,
And cottages in blue-bell glades,
With hart's tongue flanked, and lady fern ;

Or clambered up the lichened rocks—
Gold, emerald, orange, grey, and brown ;
And scared the rabbit and the fox,
And hare upon the furzy down ;

And plucked the wild thyme on her banks,
And samphire clinging to the crag,
My very being thrilled with thanks,
And my heart bounded like her stag.

But oh ! the music of her sea !
And oh ! the beauty of her skies !
And what was dearer far to me,
The sparkle of her merry eyes !

And cheery words of welcome heard,
In racy tones from rich and poor,
Which made my soul sing like a bird,
And leave a blessing at each door.

Such sweet delights shall make my feast,
Till I again behold her sun
Arise all glorious in the East,
And his career unclouded run.

Harborne, October 24th, 1878.

P R O M E M O R I A.

BARUM'S BENEFACTOR,

WILLIAM FREDERICK ROCK, ESQ.

The music of a merry lay
 Comes warbling from the pleasant West,
 Which wakes an echo in the breast,
 And tells of dear ones far away
 Rejoicing, in their love, to greet
 The pride and glory of their flock,—
 A hero of the purest stock,
 With bounding hearts and dancing feet.

We talk of Paradise above—
 Why not of Paradise below ?
 There's joy to reap, but we must sow,—
 Exchange the vulture for the dove ;
 Seek peace, the antidote of strife ;
 If we that rich delight would know,
 The happiness of those who show
 The sweet humanities of life.

See him whose venerable head
Irradiates your park to-day !
Whose thoughts, like little ones at play
Among the hillocks of the dead,
Are drinking in the golden light
Of beauty, haloing the flowers,
And storing up for after hours
Bright memories to glad the night.

The sire to his belovèd town
Another jewel gives to keep,
A pleasaunce, which shall bless her sleep
With visions, when the sun is down ;
And round him as fond mothers stand,
They press their babes unto their breast,
And pray that they may be as blest
As she who gave him to the land.

True poet, citizen, and friend !
Great, noble, bountiful, and free !
A type in all the days to be
Of love that loveth to the end.
Let the fair marble speak his fame,
And verse in monumental song,
For Nature does herself a wrong,
When silent on a good man's name.

August 12th, 1879.

NOONTIDE.

THE air is like a freighted bee,
 All redolent of sweets ;
 And languid, low, and wearily,
 The pulse of Nature beats.

A drowsy hum pervades the ground,
 With fragrant buds besprent ;
 And calm-eyed cattle lie around,
 The pictures of content.

The breath of life is in the breeze,
 Fresh wafted from the South ;
 While lilac, and laburnum trees,
 And hawthorns scent the drouth.

Harborne, 1877.

THE MITHER'S HEART IS WI' 'EM.

TREAD softly, for 'tis holy ground ;—
 A casket is that grassy mound,
 Where three wee-jewels o' the heart,
 Are laid awhile to rest apart
 From her who held them more than dear ;
 So softly tread, in drawing near,
 The Mither's heart is wi' 'em.

The winds of heaven were tempered so,
 That only gentlest airs did blow
 Upon their fair love-tended forms,
 So sheltered were they from the storms ;
 And now since underneath the sky,
 Her pretty babes* are doomed to lie,
 The Mither's heart is wi' 'em.

Not always here the bairnies rest,
 But often on her yearning breast ;
 For in the dreams, that night doth bring,
 On love's soft, downy-pinion'd wing,
 Her spirit from her Northern home,
 To fondle them will hither come :—
 The Mither's heart is wi' 'em.

Tread softly then 'tis holy ground !
 For tears have hallowed all around :
 Here reigns a deep perpetual hush
 Unbroken by the lark or thrush,
 Since death has consecrated all ;—
 Tread softly as the shadows fall,
 The Mither's heart is wi' 'em.

Harborne Churchyard, Feb. 27th, 1877.

* The following simple but very touching inscription may be seen on the little headstone :—

R. C. R. 1870.

M. J. R. 1871.

J. L. R. 1872.

TO A FORGET-ME-NOT.

FORGET thee, sweetling? list, I pray,
 Who that has seen thy face,
 My pretty sapphire of the May,
 As radiant as a summer-ray ;
 But must remember thee for aye,
 While memory holds her place.

Forget thee? look up at the night,
 And watch the love-star glow ;
 The moon too robed in silver-white,
 Can'st thou forget that they are bright?
 Then hear me, O, my soul's delight,
 Can I forget thee? No!

Forget thee? dost thou e'er forget
 That summer hath her flowers?
 They trust the sun and ne'er regret
 And if, like thine, their eyes grow wet,
 They only pay love's common debt,
 And sweeter make the hours.

Forget thee? jewel of my heart!
 If I were e'en thy foe,
 I'd rush against the fatal dart
 Hurl'd at thy breast with deadly art ;
 Alas! my love, that we must part.
 Can I forget thee? No!

SANCTIFIED SORROW.

As just before the break of day,
 Impatient of the night,
 The skylark, on his heavenward way,
 Sings sweetest in his flight,
 So minstrels chant their purest strains,
 When from affliction's room
 Faith soars to her celestial plains,
 Afar from sorrow's gloom.

Then murmur not if thou art told,
 When pain shall lay thee low,
 That stricken souls yield finest gold,
 In crucibles of woe.
 And Sorrow's sister, Sympathy,
 With balsam for each wound,
 Would ne'er on earth an angel be,
 Without some thorny ground.

No picture's possible to sense
 That is devoid of shade ;
 'Tis blank and barren all, and hence
 Fair beauty is unmade ;
 But let the painter's magic wand,
 Be waved athwart the white,
 Then shadow, balanced by his hand,
 Reveals the soul of light.

The planets touch not, as they roll
 Their holy altar fires,
 The finer issues of the soul,
 Until the moon retires ;
 And oft the peerless Queen of stars,
 Most glorious doth shine,
 When a dark cloud her passage bars,
 Which makes her all divine.

The Spring is very beautiful,
 Which brings the Summer day ;
 And bounteous, fair and dutiful,
 The Autumn wends her way :
 But not a lillybell had blest
 The Summer's sunny eyes,
 Or Autumn worn her golden crest,
 But for the frozen skies.

X
 Then trust in God, and come what will,
 Sun, shadow, storm or shine,
 He reigneth, on His heavenly hill,
 All-loving and benign :
 Know Mercy's other name is Change ;
 And when our work is done,
 She comes, as Death, and bids us range
 The region of the sun.

May 22nd, 1878.

I SAID TO MY LOVE.

SONG.

I SAID to my love "I will tarry for thee,"
 As he told me his fortune lay over the sea,
 When thus, he replied, as he gazed in mine eyes,
 Spellbound in a sweet and ecstatic surprise :

"Thy faith is as fair as thy lily-white hand ;
 But vows are like characters writ on the sand :—
 The isle where the Cingalese dwell is afar,
 And the ocean, dear maid, is a measureless bar."

"The vow on the sand-beach will vanish 'tis true,
 But the heart that is loyal ne'er heeds an 'adieu.'
 The ocean I know is a waste deep and wide,
 But nothing can love-wedded spirits divide."

"My ship may set sail with a prosperous wind,
 But leave thee, my jewel, in sorrow behind ;
 For the wrenching asunder of natures like ours
 Is death to the heart, as the blast to the flowers."

"Thy ship may set sail with a prosperous breeze,
 And bear my delight far away o'er the seas ;
 But the hope of true love has a life in its spark,
 Which faith keepeth ever alit in the dark."

“The rack may come racing, and cruel winds blow,
And send thy love whither no mortal doth know ;
And never a word or a token be found
To tell of the fate of his bark, or the drowned.”

“The rack may come on with its death-dealing frown,
And the hurricane storm, and the vessel go down ;
But love ne'er believes where the eye cannot see,
And living or dead I will tarry for thee.”

October 13th, 1877.

THE MERRY BARKERS.

LIST ! 'tis the sturdy woodman, hark !
As merry as a mounting lark ;
How musical he makes the air
While eyeing the old giant there !

“Hurrah ! hurrah ! my comrades all !
Our Forest-king to day must fall.
His crest no more shall sweep the sky,
The grand old oak is doomed to die.

“Oft has his gaunt and noble form,
Stood buffeting the wind and storm ;
When bonny greenwoods found a den,
For hungry wolves and hunted men.

“ Though gnarled and knotted to the core,
And friend of many a savage boar,
All proudly he his head has borne,
He falls—to rise no more this morn.”

With trusty twibill now they go,
Groping about his roots below ;
Which chopped, they deftly ring the bole,
And then commence to fell him whole.

Whilst high aloft the bright axe swings,
From hill to hill the echo rings ;
Till quivering with the fatal blow,
The ruthless wedges lay him low.

Down with a shock and wild rebound,
He sends the thundering signal round ;
And 'ere his last death-throes are o'er,
His brawny limbs bestrew the floor.

Close following their fallen prey,
The loppers' tools begin to play ;
Nor cease till with a heavy thud
Prone lies the last bough, quick with bud.

Now glistening in the May-day sun,
The ripping irons nimbly run ;
Until the veteran huge and fair,
Lies with his twisted muscles bare.

Meanwhile the fragrant rind is seen,
Thick standing on the flowery green,
To catch the sun and drying wind,
While chips the thrifty setters find.

As thus their busy hands they ply,
The sultry day begins to die,
When the old oak is left at rest,
To bleach upon his mother's breast.

And now, as home they wend their way,
Some ancient sings a simple lay ;
Then wets his whistle with a horn,
And prays for a good-morrow morn.

TO "PRUDENTIA."

As yestere'en, behind his icy bars
The glinting sun flush'd all around with light,
A dazzling speck of ruby met my sight
More radiant than the roseal hue of Mars.
And while it, fading, died before the night,
I watch'd it, listening to the even-chime,
And thought upon that memorable time
When Bethlehem's glory lit the orient skies.

Just then a vision pass'd before mine eyes,
More fair than in those late December days
When Earth was one enchanting Paradise
Of woodlands sparkling with white coral sprays.
I saw thee leave thy place among the stars,
And swift descending, as the meteor darts,
Alight an angel in our western ways ;
A presence stilling all discordant jars,
And pouring balsam into wounded hearts.
Much more saw I, of which I took good heed ;
Though thou wert often like the bruised reed.
I saw thee with pale Sorrow's taper light,
In the still watches of a winter night—
Soft gliding to the sick couch smilingly,
And making it the crown of thy delight
In soothing suffering to tranquillity.
Too well I know thou need'st not this from me,
Since joy is born of every kindly deed,
And that to thee is more than royal need :
This much confess I too most willingly,
Words are but empty bearers of my thought,
And love needs none for that which love hath wrought ;
Still were I mute the very stones would cry
Behold the ingrate ! to each passer by.
I know, sweet lady, blessing much and blest,
No pen can all the heart's true feeling tell ;
Its office is a failure, at the best,
But thou on the intent wilt fondly dwell.—

And as the queenly moon, with royal grace,
When the bright sun has vanish'd with his light,
Reflects his chaster beauty on her face
And shows it to our wondering eyes at night,—
So wilt thou, too, a fairer charm bestow
Upon my song, and make my joy o'erflow,
When on thy bosom thou shalt wear my lay,
As love's pearl-lily, for thy natal day.

Christmas, Eve, 1878.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

O! sweet enchantress of the heart
I feel thy presence everywhere!
I meet thee on the windy brake,
I see thee when the stars awake,
Thou art my being's fairer part,
And spirit of earth, sea, and air.
I've revelled in thy realms of bliss,
Rapt worship, wonder and delight,
And gave to thee my virgin kiss,
When thou wert sovereign of the night.
And when the wild gull swept the sky
And gleamed out, like a star, on high,
I lay upon the beach in June,

While Ocean played his dulcet tune,
And sought thee in each silver cloud,
And found thee, a bright angel there ;
Unnoticed, by the gadding crowd,
But palpable, and passing fair,
To me, who in each speck could view
Thy form celestial in the blue.

WEST AND SOUTH.

So fair the both,
To choose I'm loth,
But truth for aye,—
So list my lay.

O ! I love the bonny West !
With her lilies on her breast,
Making odorous the dells,
With the incense of her bells,
While the young grass groweth sweet,
To the tramp of little feet,
Dancing aye O !
In May O !

And the soft and sunny South !
With her rosebud in her mouth,
As the perfume of the flower,
She is breathing on the hour
When the sun is making hay,
Where men and maidens play,
Singing " June-O " !
In tune, O !

So sweet the both,
To choose I'm loth,
The truth for aye,--
I love the " tway."

New Year's week, 1880.

HOME TREASURES.

Blessings evermore I say
On those little ones at play.

What a charming group of graces !
See them with their happy faces,
Joy of joys, and bliss of blisses,
I could smother them with kisses.

Joy is there that knows no measure,
Pleasure, yes, divinest pleasure !
Love's own round of dear employment,
Constant toiling, rapt enjoyment ;
Pleasure in sweet variation,
Pleasure in anticipation.
Ere they share our fond caresses
Hope in these our being blesses ;
Dimpled chins, and cheeks, and eyes,
Bluer than the bluest skies ;
Little fat hands, plumpy feet,
Little lips with pouting sweet ;
Tiny tongues, so strangely talking,
Tiny feet unused to walking ;
Fingers playing with each other,
Sweet epitomes of mother !
Tell me not of the majestic,
Give to me the dear domestic—
Little boys with glossy tresses,
Little maids in milk-white dresses.
O ! the music of the rattle,
With its bells and baby prattle ;
Babblement of little Babel,
Music of the wicker cradle !
Children !—did you ever see
Such a pure democracy ?
Mark the little dears at play
On some sunny summer day,

Burying their hands in daisies,
Carolling the sweetest praises ;
Some with ringlets, bright and jetty,
Others auburn—sweetly pretty :
Some with ruddy apple cheeks,
And an eye that almost speaks ;
Some with radiant golden curls,
Laughing boys, and romping girls ;
But of all the sights one sees
In creation, give me these :
First a mother, more than blest,
With her baby at her breast ;
Next infantile piety
Lisping at a mother's knee ;
Last of all, the sweetest, best,
Putting the sweet things to rest.
See the little cuddling creatures
With their love-illumined features.
There is Dora, aged seven,
Like a cherub fresh from heaven ;
“ Kiss me, mother,” chirrups Lucy ;
And, with lips like cherries juicy,
Little Nelly asks the same ;
Lilian, prettier than her name,
Shakes her curls upon her pillow,
Wild as sun-rays on a billow ;
Milly sings herself to sleep,
Charlie wants his dogs and sheep ;

Jess is happy with her dolly ;
And wee Fred's the doll for Polly.
Now the mother tucks them in,
"Where," quoth she, "shall I begin?"
"Me, me, me, dear mother, me,"
Shout aloud the elder three.
But, despite their earnest prayer,
First the youngest claims her care.
Hear her sing her lullaby,
Mark her in her fondness sigh,
List her "By-bye, precious treasures,
God I thank Thee for these pleasures ;
Bless their slumbers, calm their fears.
Good night, pretties, good night, dears."
"Good night, mother," all reply ;
"Now all go to seepy by."
And then comes the crowning bliss,
Mother's smile and parting kiss.
Oh, an angel is a mother!
Little children ask no other.



A SIGH FOR DEVON.

BRIGHT haunt of the daffodil, myrtle, and rose,
Of solitude sweet, and of pleasant repose,
Where a welcome waits all with a heart in its hand,
My Devon ! dear Devon ! my beautiful land !
May death ne'er for thee draw a shaft from his
quiver,
I loved thee, do love, and shall love thee for ever.

Dear home of my fathers, when thinking of thee,
In fancy I often am down by the sea,
On old Northam Burrows, or Woolacombe sands,
Where Robert the phantom is twisting his bands.
Then deem me no runaway-ingrate, O never !
First love of my heart, I shall love thee for ever.

When summer is come, and the welkin is fair,
There's something of paradise everywhere ;
But bloom in perfection, and nature in tune,
Are thine, O Devonia ! in beautiful June.
Blest region of valley, hill, woodland, and river,
I love thee, dear land, and shall love thee for ever.

The meadows o' Warwick are dainty and sweet,
 And the fair fields o' Staffordshire, soft to the feet ;
 But for rich mossy sward, sunny upland, and glen,
 Lane, coppice, and stream, give me Devon again.
 Yes ! soul-bound to thee, which no fate can dissever,
 I love thee, dear land, and shall love thee for ever.

Thanks Memory, nurse o' my fancy and hope,
 I feel I am now where the combs are aslope,
 While innocent lovers are telling their tale,
 At Barricane beach and in Collipriest vale,
 Where my Exe from the moorland weds Lowman's
 fair river :—
 Sweet land of my love ! I shall love thee for ever.

PHEMIE, THE FAIR.

O ! know you the ditty of Phemie the Fair,
 Not Helen o' Harborne, nor Winnie o' Ware,
 Nor Lyd o' the Leasowes, nor Pat o' the Peak,
 To measure their charms, as her rivals dare seek.
 For the lassie was lissome, and bonny, and sweet,
 With the whitest o' hands and the wecest o' feet ;
 And her voice like the linnet's, could charm away
 care,
 But pride never whispered her, " Phemie is Fair."

And her manner was winsome, and sunny her face,
As she walked on the earth, like an angel o' grace ;
A presence o' gladness, a light, and a joy,
And fate suffered nothing her life to annoy.
A flower o' true modesty, made to allure
The gentle in nature, the noble, and pure ;—
The rudest and roughest to gaze would forbear,
As they passed in the meadows, sweet " Phemie the
Fair."

In the hush of the hour, when the sun on the wane
Gives a rich golden glow to the wood and the lane,
She walked, a live lily, in raiment o' white,
The image of beauty, and perfect delight.
And oft she would gaze with a far-away look,
And read the bright heavens as they were a book,
Till her soft moulded lips showed the motion of
prayer,
For so she would worship, sweet " Phemie the Fair."

'Twas summer! bright summer! and down in the vale,
The newly made windrows were scenting the gale ;
As the young and the old full o' spirit and play,
Made light o' their toil, as they teded the hay ;
When over the pleasant green meadow-land by,
A form like an angel, they chanced to espy,
But as it tript onward, lo ! one unaware
Looked up, and half sighing breathed " Phemie is
Fair."

'Twas summer ! bright summer ! alas ! it was so,
Give ear for dear pity, and let the tear flow ;
For a storm in the welkin was gathering then,
And the maiden will never see summer again.
The bolt swift descending, too fatal it flew,
The shaft of the levin shot red through the blue ;
When quicker than lightning young Ronald was
there,
With a noble heart broken, for " Phemie the Fair."

" O ! sorrow of sorrows ! " was heard on the wind,
" O ! sorrow of sorrows ! the maiden is blind ! "
O ! grief and O sorrow ! she speaks, and he cries,
" Alas ! for my darling ! " and staggers, and dies.
And ever in June, there the maiden is seen,
With her fair locks dishevell'd, slow pacing the green,
Distraught and low singing, " Where's Ronald ? O
where ? "
While neighbours sigh wistly " Poor Phemie the
Fair."

Harborne, October 14th, 1877.



TO JANIE,

WITH A LILY OF THE VALLEY.

ACCEPT this firstling of her race,
 This devotee of vernal flowers.
 See, worship beameth in her face,
 And praise is heard in all her bowers,
 Sweet silent syllables of song,
 The odours of her perfumed tongue.

But list, my dear, the little saint
 Doth almost ask a cloistered cell,
 Where she may live, secure from taint,
 And ring her little holy bell ;
 And so it shames me, for I found
 Her blooming where the " blacks " abound.

Thus love, from every object, we
 May learn a wholesome lesson rare,
 Sun, star, bird, butterfly, and bee,
 And little floweret frail and fair,
 Of courage, and the part to play
 As actors in the evil day.

Harborne, June 8th, 1879.

TO A ROSEBUD.

IMPERIAL beauty ! since the muse inclines
 To sing thy praise, in sweet thought-laden lines,
 I take my lyre, and wake its silver strings
 To music, floating with soft rosy wings.

Thou fair enchantress ! born of summer skies,
 Entrancing all, the simple and the wise ;
 Bright child ! whose odour is a seraph's breath ;
 Earth's richest relic, from the wreck of death.

Quintessence of all loveliness ! a shrine
 Where reverent spirits worship the divine ;
 As in the pauses of each happy bird,
 The still small voice of prophecy is heard.

The charms of all the ages meet in thee ;
 The roseate blushes of their morns we see ;
 And the rich tintings of their gorgeous eyes
 Are subtly mingled in thy folded leaves.

O peerless blossom ! how the raptured sight
 Views heaven's own landscape with poetic light !
 As fancy treads thy labyrinthine streets,
 And sips the nectar of thy hidden sweets.

Who has not seen in summer's sunny days,
Thy heart thrown open to the golden rays?
Where nestling close they set thy soul aflame,
And crimsoned o'er thy cheek with love's pure shame.

And O, the sounds that greet our list'ning ear,
As by thy fragrant lips we linger near;
The soft sweet whisperings of dreamy trees,
And the low hum of honey-laden bees.

And then what fairy visions meet our eyes!
Of sylph-like forms, ethereal butterflies;
And golden beetles seeking thee, to rest
In the sweet chamber of thy perfumed breast.

Love claims a song to sing them, but in vain,
For half thy charms, unsung, must still remain;
Yet this the muse can do, in secret sigh,
That thou, who art so beautiful, must die.

BEAUTY.

An affluent of the stream of life,
As opal, fair and crystalline,
To bless the barren waste of strife,
And make the wilderness divine.

OLD CALEB TO HIS FRIENDS.

LET mirth come with the mistletoe
 Though sorrow follow after,
 Since He who feeds the fount of tears
 Fills every heart with laughter ;
 Know if holly-thorns mean trials sore,
 The berries speak of joys,
 And they always grow together,
 My merry maids and boys.

TO THE SUN.

GREAT eye of nature ! at whose glance
 The songsters of the morning dance !
 Supremest light, which doth afar
 Gild the bright twinklings of the star !
 Divinest pencil, from whose touch
 The tinted rainbow borrows much !
 Thou, who illumest with thy light
 The chamber of the Queen of night,
 And art of life, light, heat, the soul,
 From southern to the northern pole,—
 Blind is the man that cannot see
 The glory of his God in thee.

Lover's Walk, Barum, June, 1845.

NATURE'S TINTERN ABBEY.

WRITTEN IN HARBORNE CHURCHYARD.

SWEET place of tears ! whene'er I visit thee,
 A vision of the bygone haunteth me ;
 Which fond remembrance keeps in colours bright,
 Embalmed in beauty, as a dear delight :

It is a scene upon the pleasant Wye,
 Where ivy-mantled ruins meet the eye :
 So delicately airy, I have thought
 To heavenly music all its parts were wrought.

Where Chepstow's donjon overhangs the tide,
 I halted once upon a summer ride ;
 And having paid it homage, sped away
 To hold with Nature her high holiday.

When broke the Wynd Cliff on my ravished sight,
 And tripping down from its romantic height,
 The queen of crumbling temples met my view,
 Fair, pensive, lone, and venerable of hue.

Where anglers oft, forgetful of their prey,
 Will turn to watch the light and shadows play ;
 Around some monumental column's head,
 Or foliated wreck among the dead.

And tired wayfarers halting for awhile,
Will raptured gaze upon the sacred pile ;
And feel compelled, 'ere they pursue their way,
'To bend the knee in reverence, and pray.

But nature has her abbeys everywhere ;
And minsters with their aisles divinely fair ;
Grand nave and transept, spire and cloister dim,
And galleries where joyous minstrels hymn.

And since my fate, the pleasure has denied,
To dwell and worship by yon river's side,
Fair grove of Harborne ! I will turn to thee,
And Tintern's Abbey thou shalt be to me ;

For no cathedral reared in olden time,
Can gloom more solemn at the midnight chime,
Than our hypœthral fane upon the hill,
When heaven is mute, and all the earth is still.

Our fathers worshipped underneath the trees ;
And sang their anthems to the passing breeze :
The early morn their pious matin heard ;
And they their vesper chanted with the bird.

Henceforth dear spot, whenever I repair
To nature's temple, bent on praise and prayer,
Or meditation, 'thou my voice shalt hear,
Since thy most sacred shades I do revere.

CORA LEE.

SONG.

LIST the maiden of the mountain,
 Singing her sweet sorrow lay,
 To the dripplè of a fountain,
 Where the fitful shadows play ;
 Singing in a language broken,
 As the storm-waves of the sea,
 Notes that saddest thoughts betoken :
 For love-lorn is Cora Lee.

In the flush of life's young morning,
 Tripping o'er the hillocks green,
 Every fear and danger scorning,
 She, the pride of all, was seen.
 But the love that promised pleasure,
 Only baneful proved to be :
 Death stept in and took her treasure,
 And distraught is Cora Lee.

As the hedge-rose of the summer,
 Bright with pink her cheek did glow,
 Where the honey-making hummer
 Sought the heather-buds below ;
 Now more wan than pallid lily,
 On the wintry morn can be,
 Through the long night dark and chilly,
 Woeful plaint makes Cora Lee.

SWEET HETTIE O' CARLOW.

SONG.

SWEET Hettie o' Carlow ! I'm thinking of thee,
 Mavourneen, Mavourneen, a cush la machree ;
 Thy image is with me, my love and my theme,
 And thy melodies haunt me in every dream.
 O daughter of Erin ! come hither to me,
 Mavourneen, Mavourneen, a cush la machree.

As fair as Killarney, and fresh as the morn,
 And blithe as the lark in the spring o' the corn,
 I see thee, and hear thee, sweet maiden again ;
 And all I can do is to wail the refrain,
 " O daughter of Erin ! have pity on me,
 Mavourneen, Mavourneen, a cush la machree."

Sweet Jewel o' Carlow ! with soul-killing eye,
 This son of my mother heart-broken will die,
 If thy foot's pretty patter is heard here no more,
 For my soul ran away with thyself through the door.
 O daughter of Erin ! come hither to me,
 Mavourneen, Mavourneen, a cush la machree.

Harborne, May 4th, 1872.



THE MAID O' BONTDDU.*

SONG.

THE hills o' Dolgelly with honey are sweet,
 The bell-heather purples them down to their feet ;
 And the sight up the Mawddach is glorious to see,
 But I'll sing you a ditty o' fairy Bontddu.

A lad from the Westland sped thither one day,
 By Chirk and Ruabon, brave, gallant, and gay :
 He had heard of a maiden, as blithe as a bee,
 Sweet Wilhelmy Wynn o' the pretty Bontddu.

By the deep dykes of Offa he shot like a swift,
 Or laverock, liting away in the lift ;
 The Vale of Llangollen, and sweet water Dee,
 And the charms o' Llandrillo, brimful o' Bontddu.

Then the broad lake of Bala he saw in his flight,
 But the woods o' Bryntirion† enraptured his sight ;
 For there by the Mawddach, as fair as could be,
 Stood Wilhelmy Wynn, the delight o' Bontddu.

Her eyes were ripe mazards,‡ and raven her hair,
 Each cheek a red apple, her forehead snow fair ;
 A bonny green kirtle hung down to her knee,
 And rapture ran wild at the Lyn o' Bontddu.

* "The Black Bridge," (pronounced "Bontthee.")

† "Pleasant View."

‡ The black cherries of Devon.

Her suitors were many :—Smith, Owen, Rob Moore,
Hughes, Evans, Lloyd, Thomas, and Joneses a score ;
With Roberts, MacDonald, and Andy McCree,
All dying in love for the Rose o' Bontddu.

Still he ventured—"Dear lass, I have heard of your
fame ;
A sweet little melody rings in your name."
She chuckled, and oh, how bewitching looked she !
"Here's another in love with the maid o' Bontddu."

Then praising her dimples, he strove for a kiss,
When she cropped his young hope in the bud of its
bliss ;
"Pray stop, pretty bird, you are on the wrong tree !"
Chirped Wilhelmy Wynn, with the pride o' Bontddu.

He hung down his head like a hound in disgrace ;
When with rogue in each eye, and a blush on her
face,
She gave a loud laugh, but the ring of its glee,
Told a fool was the heart of the Maid o' Bontddu.

Love will not be balked, so quoth he, "Pretty maid,
Just fancy myself at the Lyn in your stead,
And that *you* had come courting far over the lea,
What words would you woo me with, Maid o'
Bontddu?"

She answered in Welsh, but his patience was gone,
 For colder than Snowdon she seemed to look on ;
 " I can't understand what you tell me," said he,
 " But love has its lure, pretty Maid o' Bontddu."

Then he talked of the Bards, and he piped her a
 stave,
 A soul-melting lay of a love-fettered slave ;
 When her eyes flashed a light, like the ripples at sea,
 That token for rain. Were there tears at Bontddu ?

Every lane has its turning, and nature will out :
 Sweet Wilhelmy chid with the prettiest pout ;
 But maids are the same by the Dart and the Dee,
 So she pitied the lad that had come to Bontddu.

He saw she was touched, as she coloured and sighed ;
 Still love must be wilful, so she, in her pride,
 Sang, " Heart, play the hero, and hold thyself free,"
 When a keepsake he asked of the Maid o' Bontddu.

Quoth she, " I will give you whenever you leave
 A silver-new-nothing to wear on your sleeve."
 " A bargain !" he cried, " and I pray you, agree
 To seal it at once, pretty Maid o' Bontddu."

Old Cader had put on his cap for the night,
 And the cotter's wee window-pane blinked with
 delight,
 When a couple went cosy as cosy could be
 Up the old road to Harlech, away from Bontddu.

The moon was o'er Dyffryn, and Venus hard by,
 Was seen with her silver love-lamp in the sky ;
 The stars woo in silence, and silent wooed he,
 Life-linked with the beautiful Maid o' Bontddu.

The hills o' Dolgelly with honey are sweet,
 The bell-heather purples them down to their feet ;
 But the girls by the Mawddach are sweeter to me,
 And sweetest of all is the Maid o' Bontddu.

SONG OF THE KEEPER.

Good neighbours draw near,
 I've lots of good cheer,
 A little of many things pleasant :
 I've dainty young roe,
 Red deer, buck, and doe,
 Hare, partridge, snipe, woodcock, and pheasant.
 With my dog and my gun,
 I am up 'ere the sun,
 Singing songs in the praise of my charmer ;
 And leaping the brook,
 I scare the black rook,
 And rouse up the slumbering farmer.

CHORUS.

Say where is the dad
That can boast of a lad
Whose tide of true pleasure runs deeper ;
There is no employ,
For a rollicking boy,
As free as the life of a keeper.

I have Frolic and Rose,
With right tender nose,
To spring the brown bird in September,
And Missey and Bob,
Ever ripe for a job,
When we sport in the chilly November.
And Spot, Shot, and Rough,
Fan, Billy, and Bluff,
To follow me over the furrow.
And sleek as a mole,
There's Vic for a hole,
When the rabbit is deep in his burrow.

Say where is the dad, &c.

When Winter winds blow,
And fair falls the snow,
The pole-cat, the fox, and the badger,
I track with my hound,
Or trap on the ground,
And strip off their coats for the cadger.

For catching a stoat,
 Or otter afloat,
 Owl, hawk, kite, and jay, or a poacher,
 I have always a snare ;
 And I'd have those beware,
 Who feed the big bags of the troacher.

CHORUS.

So join when I sing,
 Like a merry old king,
 And drink till your spirits are mellow,
 Come, fill up the glass,
 Here's health to each lass,
 And Master, a jolly good fellow.

Buckland Brewer, 1864.

MY VALENTINE.

A LITTLE fair five-hearted thing,
 That keeps a pretty golden eye,
 To gladden with each coming Spring
 The soul of every passer by.

I will not tell my darling's name ;
 But if you seek her you will find
 She is a very pearl of fame,
 And pattern for all womankind.

Her home is in a mossy nook,
 Roofed over with young hawthorn bloom,
 Out yonder by the waterbrook,
 Where violets the air perfume,
 Go ! hear her talk, and see her smile,
 In her own fascinating way ;
 And she will win you with her wile,
 And make you happier for aye.

February 14th, 1880.

THE "CHARMING" OF THE BIRDS.

SONG.

It is the flowery first o' May !
 Lets roam among the heather ;
 Enjoying at the peep o' day
 The still soft summer weather :
 And mark the pale grey border-line,
 Where light and shadow mingle ;
 And quaff the air like honey-wine,
 From dairy-cow and dingle.
 Hark ! Hey away ! his " Lillalu,"
 The throstle-cock is sounding !
 Its O ! to brush the bonny dew,
 Where merry stags are bounding.
 Who that has felt the witching power,
 Life's every care disarming,

When birds in every brake and bower
 Make merry with their "charming,"
And has not strove in tune and time,
 To catch their art of singing ?
And lilted out a note o' rhyme,
 As sweet as love-bell ringing ;
Then, Hey away ! his "Lillelu,"
 The throstle-cock is sounding ;
Its O ! to brush the bonny dew,
 Where merry stags are bounding.

'Tis joy to list the cuckoo's lay,
 From th' umbrageous hollow ;
Before the skylark hails the day,
 And bids the ouzel follow ;
But O ! along the country side,
 Green, daisy-prankt and pearly,
To hear the host at morning-tide,
 Of song birds singing early :
So, Hey away ! his "Lillelu,"
 The throstle-cock is sounding ;
Its O ! to brush the bonny dew,
 Where merry stags are bounding.



YEWLAND.

SONG.

'Tis very strange, how slight a thing
 Will touch the heart's most tender string !
 Or bid the fancy plume its wing ;
 And finding it the case to day,
 I take my harp, and sing my lay,
 The simple song of Yewland.

Don't picture immemorial trees
 O'er charnel houses, if you please ;
 Nor weird owls, hooting to the breeze ;
 Nor think of bats in haunted halls ;
 Nor crumbling battlemented walls,
 With spectral forms at Yewland.

A home upon a pleasant hill,
 Where, in the Spring, the skylarks will
 Lead in the dawn with jocund trill ;
 While thrush and linnet join the song,
 Our joy and pleasure to prolong,
 Is bonny, bonny Yewland.

A draw-well in a tiny glade ;
 And seat for the wayfarer made,
 Beneath a friendly yewtree's shade ;
 And wren that builds before the door,
 And humming bees in sycamore,
 Hath fair and dainty Yewland.

Brown gillies, roses red and white,
And southernwood, young love's delight,
And stocks make sweet the summer night ;
While, ring'd within its hawthorn fence,
Live Modesty and Innocence,—
The inmates fair of Yewland.

And in a cage, which all might see,
From every care and sorrow free,
A blackbird whistles merrily
From early March to middle June
The fragment of a ballad-tune,
To please the folk at Yewland.

A sweet epitome of farms,
I often pause to view its charms,
Of apple-bloom and honey-swarms :
For be it times of rain or drouth,
I find a smile about the mouth
Of those who dwell at Yewland.

In sooth I prize its pretty knot,
And dormer-window'd white-wash'd cot,
Since 'tis an old familiar spot,
Made sacred by the love of yore,
And kindly deeds of one no more,
Who was the life of Yewland.

THE BLUEBELL'S COMPLAINT.

WHAT have I done, O wrathful wind,

That thou so cruel art and cold ?

To thee, I have been ever kind,

And paid thy love a hundred fold :

I own to feel thy breath was bliss,

But it was perfumed by my kiss.

And thou, bright monarch of the day !

Come, tell me why thy face is hid,

Why is thy ever welcome ray

Obscured by yonder cloudy lid ?

No flower beneath the sunny sky

Can show thy virtue more than I.

Thou, too, sweet daughter of the south,

Whose vesture is the tenderest green,

Young Spring with soft balm-breathing mouth,

And showers that freshen every scene,

What have I done to thee, I pray ?

No bloom have I, and yet 'tis May.

I long to hear the happy bands

Of children greet me in the lanes ;

And feel their little chubby hands

Bear me in triumph o'er the plains ;

They called me April's gem, but thou

Hast left me lorn and loveless now.

THE PRIDE O' THE YEAR.

'Tis buttercup and daisy time
 When Summer in her sunny prime,
 Beneath her canopy of blue,
 Is walking in the early dew ;
 And, oh ! what glory to behold
 Her sheeny miles of meadow gold.

I love the budding April moon,
 And bonny May, but, oh ! when June,
 With pearly brow and sapphire eye
 And honeysuckle wreath, trips by
 In kirtle green and lilac vest,
 I feel of all I love her best.

She brings the sweet and swothy days,
 When lovers seek the silent ways,
 Where birds and golden-belted bees
 Sail merrily o'er broomy leas,
 And butterflies, in bluebell groves,
 In sportive dances woo their loves.

The rosy clover then we view,
 The honey-scented bedstraw, too ;
 The corn flag in the sunshine waves ;
 The wagtail in the runnel laves ;
 And jocund blackcap sounds his pipe,
 And every hour with joy is ripe.

Then larks essay their highest flight ;
Then Philomela wakes the night ;
Then morns are fresh and eves are cool ;
Then gnats go dancing o'er the pool ;
And dragon-flies, in regal blue,
The winding waterbrooks pursue.

Then woodruff and the meadowsweet
With speedwell and stellarias meet,
And then it is that you may see,
Fair fashioned on the chestnut tree,
The fetlock, hoof, and driven nails,
Nor wonder why the "horse" prevails.

Then days are long and nights are short,
And hedge-hogs find the gipsies sport,
And spottled throistle warbles late
To soothe his little sitting mate ;
And rivers, full of light and song,
Flash all the flowery vales along ;

And lusty meaders in a row
Rich purple fields of herbage mow ;
And rosy maidens ted the swath
Soft treading on the aftermath,
As age and infancy the while
Lie basking in the summer's smile.

TO THE SOUTH-WEST WIND.

CHILD of the lovely, and the sweet,
 Whose home is like an opal bright,
 Where fairest things with fairest meet
 All pure as pearl and lily light ;
 Thy parents wedded in the spring,
 When woods and streams were carolling.

Hail ! thou art doubly welcome now ;
 For full of turmoil and unrest,
 I reverently bare my brow,
 Sweet soother of my ruffled breast ;
 Breathe thou upon me as of yore,
 And bitterness is mine no more.

O why ? when Nature's work is pure,
 When beauty is to beauty true,
 When apple bud and bloom are sure
 To greet the cluster-rose's hue,
 Is man, the master-work of God,
 The falsest thing upon the sod ?

Truth left the starry region'd skies,
 And came to sojourn among men ;
 But wounded sore in Paradise,
 She sought her native home again ;
 When Abel bade her stay awhile,
 Till Cain pursued her with his guile.

And ever since in woodland ways,
A fugitive from man she goes,
To hide in an untrodden maze ;
Her breath the odour of a rose,
Which poets scent, and in their strife,
Find the nepenthe of their life.

An angel softly whispering ;
A spirit of earth's holy prime,
With a sweet perfume in her wing
That telleth of another clime,
Where liveth He who loveth all,
With love that did survive the fall.

ILFRA.

LITTLE sweet lily-bloom, pearl of my love.

When I first saw her in raiment of white,
Fresh from the seraphine region above,
Life was a rapture and vision delight.

Bright as the dew, in the meadows of June,
From the soft azure that circled her eye,
Sparkled a light, as she lay at the noon,
In her babe-wonderment, watching the sky.

All that the heart of a poet desires,
 Met in this dear little dot of a toy ;
 Gentleness lit with the purest of fires,
 Beauty illum'd with the dimples of joy.

Doubt of a heaven is sin against grace ;
 Look on her features and see how they shine
 With an effulgence that filleth the place,
 Purity's nimbus around the divine.

Fairest and sweetest, and brightest and best,
 Ne'er be her Ichabod written, pray we ;
 Sad are the hearts with no dove in the nest ;
 Babes make a Paradise ever for me.

December 23, 1879.

EPITHALAMION.

THE BRIDEGROOM TO HIS BRIDE.

THOU peerless jewel of my heart,
 God's crowning gift to me,
 My fairer, sweeter, better part,
 What shall I proffer thee ?
 Come in and fold thy wings, sweet dove,
 Here peace hath made her nest ;

And love in answer to my love
 Shall dwell within thy breast.
The bird that warbles by the way
 Shall sweeter sing for thee,
And roses blushing on the spray
 Shall richer blow for me.
I feel my happiness complete,
 And naught shall make me roam ;
My pulse of life doth truer beat,
 My heart is now at home.
No more I chide the powers above,
 Lone, weary, and opprest,
For in the sunshire of thy love
 My soul hath found her rest.

CHORUS OF FRIENDS.

Strew the roses, quaff the wine,
 Fill the golden cup of joy,
Let the lily, let the vine,
 And the orange find employ ;
Love is come to Hymen's shrine,
 Strew the roses, quaff the wine.

THE BRIDE TO THE BRIDEGROOM.

I come, I come unto thy call,
 Thy darling and thy bride,
And whatsoever may befall,
 With thee, love, to abide ;

My heart to thine shall ever beat,
 Thy trials let me share,
 Then life shall be a dainty sweet,
 And joy my daily fare.
 There's not a cloud that passes by
 I will not brighter make,
 And if my burthened breast should sigh,
 I'll chide it for thy sake.
 My heart is loyal, thou art lord ;
 In thy light let me shine ;
 And I, attentive to thy word,
 Will every wish divine.
 All the pure homage of thy love
 To me is freely given ;
 And thou shalt that devotion prove
 Which makes the home a heaven.

CHORUS OF FRIENDS.

Strew the roses, quaff the wine,
 Fill the golden cup of joy,
 Let the lily, let the vine,
 And the orange find employ ;
 Love is come to Hymen's shrine,
 Strew the roses, quaff the wine.

October 7th, 1875.

MY LOVE-LAND.

SOFT are the winds that kiss the south,
 And bright her sun that shines on high ;
 A rich carnation is her mouth,
 And blue as April bells her sky ;
 But softer are the perfumed gales,
 That wanton waft across thy breast,
 My homeland, with the pleasant vales,
 Sweet crown and beauty of the West !

'Tis there the wildling of the Spring,
 Is first to peep, and tell the time
 For maids to saunter out and sing,
 And lads to woo them in the prime ;
 And there September oft is seen
 In June's bright raiment gaily drest,
 With gardens, groves, and woods a-green,
 For so enchanting is the West.

A land of honey, milk, and cream,
 Whose showers are sweet as roses' tears ;
 Romantic as a poet's dream,
 And fresh as the primeval years ;
 A region rich in fairy tales,
 Where happy mortals go in quest
 Of rarest joys ; such are the vales
 Of my dear love-land in the West.

I've seen our grand historic sights,
Proud Warwick's hold, and Windsor's towers,
And scenes of old heroic fights,
And Avon's golden lily flowers,
And heard the charmer, Nilsson, sing—
A nightingale with throbbing breast—
But all such memories take wing
Before my home-land in the West.

My sire-land ! birth-land ! love-land ! all
That makes a minstrel prize his home,
Nurse of my muse, at Spring and Fall,
And keeper of my fathers' tomb :—
My soul is thine, and treason vile
It were to say that I am blest,
Save when I bask beneath thy smile,
My own dear darling of the West.

There maids blush not to show the red
Rich sign of health upon their cheek ;
And men are never taught to dread
The honest truth that they should speak ;
And hospitality invites,
Nor scorns to call the poor man guest,
And all enjoy their native rights,
As true-born children of the West.

And while I hold, where duties lead,
That every man should play the brave,

Although they make his heartstrings bleed,
 And promise him a foreign grave—
 Yet all supreme are Nature's charms,
 And I, of beauty, am possest ;
 So take me, Devon, in thy arms,
 And fold me to thy loving breast.

POLLY PELLEW.

SONG.

My beautiful Lowman ! *
 My own native Lowman !
 Dear meadowland melody !
 Sweetest of streams !
 I would I were near thee,
 To see and to hear thee,
 And pluck the fair lilies
 That blow in my dreams.
 Beside the bright Lowman,
 The Beautiful Lowman,
 My soft singing Lowman,
 Rose-shaded and blue,
 In the light o' the gloaming,
 I met in my roaming,
 The pride o' all maidenhood.
 Polly Pellew.

* Pronounced Loman.

My beautiful Lowman !
 Sweet willow-kiss'd Lowman !
 No lilt in love's song,
 Hath such music for me ;
 For pearl o' bright waters !
 Know Devon's fair daughters,
 Grow proud o' their beauty,
 When mirror'd by thee.
 Yet Lowman ! bright Lowman !
 My beautiful Lowman !
 When sweet with thy hawthorns.
 That whiten the view,
 For love let me ask thee,
 In sooth it will task thee,
 Say, what are thy charms without
 Polly Pellew ?

My beautiful Lowman !
 Farewell ! my sweet Lowman !
 But prithee dear Lowman !
 Tell this to my love—
 When chancing to meet her,
 “ No lark's note is sweeter
 Than Polly's ‘ Good night, ’ ”
 Pretty Collipriest dove !
 And Lowman ! dear Lowman !
 My far away Lowman !

As sure as thy daisies
Are dappled with dew:
I'll envy, I'm thinking,
Each sun in his sinking,
The glance he is getting from
Polly Pellew.

ON HEARING THE LARK SING IN
OCTOBER.

“ Is that the meadow-lark I hear ?
It cannot, cannot be ;
The winds are wild, the leaves are sere,
And bleak and bare the lea.

Yes, yes, it is, I know his voice,
I heard him in the Spring,
Hark ! how he bids the earth rejoice,
While mounting on the wing.

I stand reprov'd, and blush with shame ;
I'll seek my silent lute,
If he can sing I am to blame
To be so cold and mute ”

Thus sang I as the little lark,
 Went soaring on his way,
And singing passed into a dark
 And stormy cloud of gray.

And then I musing said, "I deem,
 Mistaken in the hour,
He, now awaking from a dream,
 Of odour breeze and flower--

Away has started on the wing,
 And bursting into song,
Found it is better far to sing,
 Than sleep the Winter long."

But oh, the joy! to hear his note,
 As, sinking with the sun,
It rippled from his merry throat,
 In a melodious run.

His carol o'er, I came away,
 Charmed with his song and glee,
And dotted down the self-same day,
 These simple lines you see.

Somerset Road, Edgbaston,
October 4th, 1876.

ALWAYS LEAVE SOMETHING LIKE
PLEASURE BEHIND.

SONG.

I'LL sing you a song in my merriest strain
 To a musical setting a peasant may learn,
 And mind you remember the happy refrain
 And troll it well out when it comes to your turn.
 There is happiness ever around us, and we,
 By looking about, sure a morsel may find ;
 Make the best of your blessings, my brothers, and see
 You always leave something like pleasure behind.

'Tis the fault of ourselves, and bad living, my boys,
 If we find nought but bitters, and gather no sweets,
 If we dwell on our sorrows, forgetting our joys,
 And mope along counting the stones in the streets.
 The world is just like what we make it—a curse,
 If we pass by the good, and are wilfully blind ;
 *But a blessing, if you will consider my verse,
 And always leave something like pleasure behind.

There is bread, and to spare, for your neighbours and
 you,
 And the face of the toiler would oftener shine,
 If men were more human, and friendship more true,
 And water had sometimes a dash of the wine.

Don't think of yourselves in your moments of ease,
 And wherever you are, let your manner be kind,
 With a heart full of sunshine, you ever must please,
 And always leave something like pleasure behind.

December 19th, 1873.

THE AFTERGLOW.

I stood upon the highest table-land,
 Of this our old and much-belovéd isle ;
 When not a whispering breeze the woodlands fanned,
 And evening wore her softest, sweetest smile.

And thus I mused, as 'o'er the tender green
 Of the rich aftermath, swift flew my sight ;
 Oh ! how impressive is the twilight scene !
 When, like a withered lily, fades the light.

Who that has seen the closing of the day,
 When Autumn rolls her mighty orb of fire
 O'er slopes empurpled, down the westering gray,
 There like a dying ember to expire,—

Nor paused to list the pensive red-breast sing
 His plaintive solo, in the wayside thorn ;
 As welcome, now, as joyous notes of Spring,
 With which the lusty thrush salutes the morn ?

Who that has marked the witchery of the hour,
 The pomp of pageant sweeping through the air,
 Whose gorgeous colours shame both bird and flower,
 And mimic seas, and headlands passing fair,—

Nor ceased his watching, till the cloudy peaks,
 Now tinged with amber, now with sober red,
 Burned into crimson, leaving golden streaks,
 Until the heavens seemed opened overhead,—

(A sea of glory ! flooding all the sky,
 So mellow, that in bursting on the sight,
 The soul drank in its beauty through the eye,
 And straight pulsated with a new delight,)

And has not felt his waning faith increase
 And hailed it, as a foretaste of that life
 When in the everlasting realms of peace,
 Far from this region of tempestous strife,—

In holy ministries of love and joy
 Each ransomed spirit shall be truly blest,
 And every faculty find meet employ,
 In heaven's own afterglow of perfect rest ?

The Lightwoods, September 29th, 1876.

THE NAILERS' PARADISE.

I'VE been as near to heaven this day,
 As here 'tis possible to be,
 If heaven is green, as poets say,
 And all things there are bright to see.
 Through fields—if Eden boasted such,
 A foolish creature sure was Eve
 To crave that apple overmuch,
 Which forced her the blest spot to leave—
 Through fields of rich deep meadow grass
 As ever eye did rest upon,
 My darling and myself did pass ;
 And lanes with wayside homes, and one,
 An antique seven-gabled hall,
 With moss and lichen overgrown,
 And legends written on the wall,
 In characters of ivy shown,—
 Which, trailing, was most eloquent,
 Of sights its olden folk had seen,
 On hospitality intent,
 In days that long ago had been ;
 While ample doorways told a tale
 Of merry doings in the past,
 Roast, revel, song, and good old ale ;—
 But now the outer gate is fast,

And the huge iron knocker hangs
All idly rusting, worn and mute,
No more to tell, with thundering clangs,
Of horseman with his weary brute.

Now rattle, yellow to the eye,
As cowslip bells in early Spring,
And trefoil intergrown with rye
We pass'd where insects on the wing
Were dancing to the wild bee's lyre,
As speeding merrily along
To nooks with campions afire,
He sang his pretty summer song.

Then, wandering where the speedwell blew,
And bistort reared its noble head,
And goldenwort broke on the view,
And mint grew fragrant 'neath the tread,
A brook, the tiniest ever heard,
Went babbling through the sunny scene ;
Just like the warble of a bird
When hidden in a thicket green.

O ! pleasant 'twas upon its brink,
Amid the willow-herb to sit,
And mark the wayward thing, and think
Few sights were lovelier than it,
While o'er our heads the guelder rose
Sweet-scented, odorous made the noon ;
And valleys steep'd in soft repose
Were sultry with the breath of June.

It was too warm for larks to soar,
 So they were nestling with their loves ;
 But from a wood came evermore,
 The gentle murmur of the doves.
 All mute the grasshopper did rest ;
 The flocks lay drowsy in the shade ;
 And kine the fragrant herbage prest,
 As 'neath a tree their couch they made ;
 While swelling upland met our gaze,
 And sweeter made the charming sight,
 Till melted in a grey-blue haze,
 The firwood on the distant height.

Now o'er the stile and through the lane,
 Where e'en the very soil was sweet,
 When, "How like Devon, dear," said Jane,
 "See overhead the branches meet,
 And mark that pool with mossy stones,
 And lady ferns and hedges rich ;
 This cottage and those sweet hay-trones,
 And wealth of sycamore and wych.
 And see the graceful briony
 With red dog roses on each side,
 That prince of wildings, too," said she,
 "The bonny foxglove in his pride."
 Yet "World's End" was the only name
 By which was known that spot so fair.
 As if in scorn 'twas giv'n, O shame !
 Since Heaven's own silence dwelleth there ;

Save when the hammer's busy sound
 Is heard throughout the quiet place ;
 For thrifty maidens there are found,
 All comely, neat, and fair of face,
 With minds intent on winning bread
 By forging nails, with earnest eyes ;
 And when " Good-Bye " we bade, I said
 This is the Nailers' Paradise !

June 28th, 1869.

 THINKING.

OH, the weariness of sorrow !
 Oh, the grief that lives apart !
 Oh, to think of each to-morrow
 With a sad and widowed heart,
 When each golden dream has faded
 And the moments, one by one,
 Clothed in sombre weeds, comè shaded
 With each rising of the sun !

When the smile of joy hath vanished,
 And the lid hangs on the eye,
 Which tells of bright hopes banished
 And the oft-repeated sigh ;

And the thoughts go idly wandering
To a tear-besodden mound,
Near where a brook, meandering,
Gives out its sweetest sound.

Sad must be each last long parting,
When love's tendrils fondly twine,
And the soul, with bitter smarting,
Questions e'en the Love Divine ;
Yet it promises a meeting
On a better, brighter shore,
And we almost hear the greeting
Of the loved ones gone before !

Patience, then, a little longer ;
What the Father does is best ;
Tribulation makes us stronger,
Fitting us for endless rest.
God is aye a kind concealer ;
Faith is better far than sight ;
Time, the healer and revealer,
Makes the darkest trials bright.



EVENTIDE.

THERE is a charm of soft delight in summer's twilight
 hour ;
 Which whispered words will put to flight as blasts will
 strip a flower :
 A stillness speech can ne'er define, too exquisite for
 words—
 The hush that reigns at evenchime ! before the chant
 of birds.

O ! it is pleasant then to lean upon a meadow stile,
 And let a sense of ecstasy the weary soul beguile ;—
 As, gazing on the western hills, enrobed in mist we feel,
 That there is still a joy unborn for daybreak to
 reveal :—

But while the vision is entranced with sights almost
 divine,
 The rich and golden afterglow o'er ruminating kine,—
 Where is the soul with skill to sing the music of the
 songs,
 That comes in one harmonious trill from merry
 woodland tongues ?

And, spite the rush and rumble of a distant rolling
train,

Just like the muffled thunder of the vexed and troubled
main,—

When the long and deep-dull murmurs of the ground
sea's hollow roar,

Predict the bursting of a storm upon the rocky shore,—

A bonny little throstle is heard above it all,

And cuckoos o'er the valley, that one another call ;

And ouzel, with his solo pitched in a minor key,

Killing care in every bosom with his witching melody.

But what must be the holy hush !—the pause before
the night—

Away in some far solitude, of green and golden light,
Where the soft sweet plant of silence grows, and Quiet
in repose,

Sits listening as the happy birds their vesper chantings
close ?



A SONG OF JOY.

THE earth has still her paradise,
And a celestial clime,
With groves and unpolluted skies,
As in her golden prime :

Where all is peaceful as above,
And brooding turtles sigh,
And croon their tender notes of love
In fragrant woodlands nigh.

Death triumphs not o'er all below,
Nor saddens every hour ;
Times are when gales of heaven will blow,
And joys immortal flower ;

When music soaring to the clouds
Will on the sunbeam float,
And sing to the enraptured crowds
With an impassioned note.

Then sounds seraphic fill the air
As in the balmy June,
When all is beauty everywhere,
And nature is in tune.

Yes, earth has still her paradise
 And a celestial clime,
 With groves and unpolluted skies,
 As in her golden prime.

THE MAIDEN MOWER.

O WELL for the man that marries thee
 With the stout strong heart and hand ;
 Let thy scythe ring out right merrily,
 And thy step be that of the truly free,
 Proud of thy maidenly majesty,
 Thou child of the free-born band.

The mountain air is in each breath
 Thy heaving bosom draws ;
 Health's rose on thy cheek aye flourisheth
 In spite of the deadly darts of death.
 " So shall it be," dear nature saith,
 " Where they obey my laws."

Fair as a pearl, and undefiled,
 No town-stained spoil art thou,
 But pure as is the little child,
 Whose fellowship is with the wild,
 I see thee there a presence mild,
 All peace and worship now.

THE POET'S HOMILY.

YE doubters of a power divine,
 I pray you halt awhile with me ;
 Those brionies that ever twine,
 These honied clarions of the bine,
 This little reverent lily see.

How lived they when the wintry snow
 Lay white upon the dreary land ;
 When northern winds did biting blow,
 When noon-suns, too, had failed to glow,
 And ice-rocks strewed the frozen strand ?

You answer, "There are potent laws,"
 I grant, my friends, that such there be :
 Still there's the flower, we need a cause ;
 Whence came its beauty, whence, I pause—
 If not from the Divinity ?

I'll tell you who adorned the rose,
 With crimson robes and made it sweet ;
 One morn, when men from their repose
 Stirred not, though tears of orphans' froze
 O'er mothers in their winding sheet,

A gentle spirit came this way ;
 No matter whence, or what his name,
 And here invisible did stay
 The tiny bantling to array,
 And lit it with a living flame.

You smile,—when you can chain the springs,
 The truth of this you then may doubt ;—
 Know often in my wanderings
 I hear the rush of unseen wings,
 And looking find the flowers are out.

I AM THINKING, LOVE, OF THEE.

SONG.

I AM thinking, love, of thee,
 My Janie dear,
 While the tears are falling free,
 My Janie dear,
 I am thinking when I'm gone,
 Few will care for thee or none,
 For the world unto the lone
 Is so cold, my dear.

I am thinking of thy worth,
 My Janie dear,
 My pride of all the earth,
 Sweet Janie dear,

And the patience that could bear,
With my failings and my care,
And thy laugh at old despair,
My Janie dear.

I have sometimes seen thee weep,
My Janie dear,
When the trial was not deep,
My Janie dear,
But when others wore a frown,
As fair fortune's star went down,
Then no wife in all the town,
Was like thee, my dear.

If a moment thou wert vexed,
My Janie dear,
I have seen thee smile the next,
My Janie dear,
For a kiss I gave to thee,
Love's seal of sympathy ;
But a thought now troubles me,
My Janie dear.

There is one outside the door,
My Janie dear,
Who spares nor rich nor poor,
My Janie dear,

He waves a shadowy wand
As I look out on the land,
Then he beckons with his hand,
My Janie dear.

I must lay me down and sleep,
My Janie dear,
And this word I pray thee keep,
My Janie dear,
Place my hands across my breast,
And bear me to the west,
Where our beloved rest,
My Janie dear.

It pains me to the heart,
My Janie dear,
To think that we must part,
My Janie dear ;
But one must go before,
So prithee grieve no more :
Death hath its sunny shore :
My Janie dear.



THE LITTLE MISCHIEF MAKER.

'Twas bonny Midsummer, bright noon of the year,
 The amorous Earth lay wooing the sky,
 Soft fanned by the zephyrs that busy flew by,
 Each whispering love-stories into her ear.

The air was ambrosia, life was delight,
 The roses were faint with the sweet breath of June,
 The cushat chimed in with the merry merle's tune,
 And the day was so long that it banished the night.

When thus to young Love rosy Pleasure began,
 "Wilt go to yon greenwood and revel awhile?"
 "By all means," said he with the pleasantest smile,
 And scampered away to the haunts of old Pan.

On where the heather-bell bends with the bee ;
 On where the billberry purples the brake ;
 Over the mossy turf they their way take,
 Wild as the deer, in the height of their glee.

On where the gorse-covered hillocks are seen
 Dotting the downs with the sunniest glow,
 Whilst hither and thither a rich overflow
 Of fresh ferny beauty enlivens the green.

“Halt !” shouted Pleasure ; “And wherefore ?” asked
Love ;

“ Look yonder, look, what a beautiful maid !”

“ Nay, nay,” answered Cupid, “for I am afraid
You ill brook a rival, you beauties above.”

Then holding his little bow over his eyes,
To shield them awhile from the gaze of the sun,
He rent the still air with his boisterous fun,
Which took pretty Pleasure, poor thing, by surprise.

“ I think I will aim at those cherries,” quoth he,
And he pointed away o’er the heather, “ Oh dear !
I never saw lips half so ruddy appear,
You never would shoot at mere cherries,” said she.

“ Well, then, at that stately young lily I saw,
When first to the spot you directed my sight.”
“ You never met lily, you urchin, so white ;
Your shaft for a lily you never would draw.”

“ I’ll aim at those pretty twin violets blue.”
“ Oh, plague me no more with your nonsense, my
boy,
No violets ever could give you such joy,
Though fed with the daintiest honey and dew.”

“ Shall I shoot at that blush-rose ? ” “ O mischievous deed !

That sweetens not only the air, but my eyes,
Hush, hush, you young scoundrel, for I am too wise ;
The heart of another fair victim must bleed.”

Ta-wang ! went the string of his bow, and the sound
Made Pleasure start back with affright in the rear ;
Then the damsel she saw, through a pitiful tear,
With her hand on her bosom half dead from a wound.

“ Fie fie, Love,” said Pleasure, “ how wrathful I feel !
How, how could you, boy, that young innocent harm ? ”
“ Know, Pleasure,” spake he, “ I bear with me a charm
The wound that I make I can evermore heal.”

When, lo ! from a nook in the forest-side near,
And hard by a rill, which a melody ran,
A youth, with the state of a neighbouring swan,
Came bearing along like the king of the mere.

And passing the maiden he stopped to inquire
What meant the confusion he saw in her eyes,
And if she was hurt, and what of her sighs,
Those winds with which Cupid was fanning his fire.

When thus Ethelina—for so she was named :
“ A man in the forest I saw, when my heart
Was struck, as it were, with the barb of a dart.”
Quoth he, “ It was Love,” and the wicked boy blamed :

And kissing the beauty—Love's solace for pain—

“There, there,” chuckled Cupid, “see Pleasure, she smiles.”

“Away,” answered Pleasure, “I see by your wiles,
The hearts that you break are soon mended again.”

Cannock Chase, 1886.

WEE-MAGGIE.

THE latest of a lovely group,
That make a charming band,
I hailed her advent, at her birth,
Upon life's sunny strand.

“Another pretty sweetling born,”
I said, with sudden glee ;
“A little smiling seraph sent
With holy ministry.”

And yet there was a feeling, too,
Of sadness reigned around,
Which gave a pathos to the mirth,
That everywhere was found.

For who could tell the destiny,
Which did that babe await ?
The pain, perchance the agony,
Now meted out by fate.

So thought I, as upon my way,
To hear the throstle sing,
A gleam of glory crossed my path,
More beautiful than spring.

A little pair of sunny cheeks,
With just a tender flush,
Of pearl and rose-pink, interfused,
Too delicate to blush.

And softer than the vernal beam,
Seen in an April sky,
The light her glance of Heaven had caught,
Shone captive in her eye.

It was a vision of delight,
And blessing God above,
I kissed it as His latest gift,
Of what the angels love.

Harborne, May 30th, 1880.



THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

SONG.

A RIGHT merry man was the country Squire,
 That liv'd in days of old ;
 When the little dog turn'd the spit by the fire,
 Till the haunch was done to his heart's desire ;
 And his daughters sat with the village quire,
 The lambs of his cosy fold.

And many a toast had the good old host,
 As he gather'd his neighbours round,
 Here's one—"A heart for charity,
 Who gives to the poor, right blest is he,"
 So honour your horn, and drink with me,
 To its sentiment, true and sound.

The pride of his soul, was a noble hall,
 With ample hearth and door ;
 Where all who pass'd were wont to call,
 And never a guest was heard to brawl :—
 For he had a cheery word for all,
 The rich man and the poor.

Another good toast of the blithe old host,
 As he gather'd his neighbours round,—
 "The man that learns from the busy bee
 To sweeten the fruit of industry."
 So honour your horn, and drink with me,
 To the health of a man so sound.

In the glorious days of good Queen Bess,
 His grand old house was rear'd ;
 Where ancient elms with a fond caress,
 Bent over its roof, as if to bless
 The inmates in their happiness,
 As the rooks sang wild and weird,
 To the hearty toast of the good old host,
 As he gather'd his neighbours round ;
 " Who lives to himself, a fool is he,
 Of the very first, and last degree."
 So honour your horn, and drink with me,
 'Tis a sensible toast, and sound.

Of bountiful heart, and generous hand,
 His laugh was loud and long ;
 And to hear him sing, the anthem grand,
 As reverent he, in church would stand,
 Mellowing all the vocal band,
 Was to hear the soul of song.
 But he is gone ; and under a stone
 He sleeps the sleep profound :—
 So let us drink to his memory,—
 A nobleman of the first degree ;
 Whose good name evermore shall be,
 A sweet and pleasant sound.



FIND A WAY, OR MAKE IT.

A STORY in heroic rhyme of valour and its meed,
 And how a life was made sublime by an immortal deed !
 There was a castle on a hill, with moat to bar the way,
 So strong that ten had kept at will an arméd host
 at bay ;

And many a valiant son of Mars had braved the gory
 steep,

Whose fate was to return with scars, and fly the
 frowning keep :—

At length a doughty warrior came, and sitting down
 before it,

Resolved his sword should carve his name on the grim
 hold—and swore it.

Then winding loud his battle-horn, thus spake he to
 his band,—

Be ready on the morrow-morn, with trusty blade in
 hand ;

Those castellated battlements that proudly pierce the
 sky,

The fury of the elements no longer shall defy :

That flag, see, flaunting in the sun, above the fortress
 walls,

But kindly waves to woo us on, and beckons, not
 appals :—

“Up, braves! 'tis yours”—With might and main they strove, but failed to take it ;
When “Follow me,” he cried again, “I'll *find* a way,
OR MAKE it.”

Quick clearing the deep moat and gorge, and rushing
up the slope,
Straight as a bolt from Vulcan's forge, all courage,
heart, and hope,
He with them, over toppling crags, and huge impeding
blocks,
Soon reached the fort, like winded stags when hunted
over rocks ;
There, spite the hissing shot, and flood of burning
molten lead,
And blindness from the gush of blood that trickled
down each head,
They clung to “The Impregnable,” till they could
hardly brook it,
While, with a will invincible, he *cut* his way and took
it.

So when the soul upon a thing is set, and it is right,
Let Resolution be the king, and leader in the fight !
And if this truth be understood, that on life's battle
plain,
Kind heaven is ever with the good to succour and
sustain,

That though the struggle may be hard, and fortitude
be tried,
All efforts meet with due reward, when on a righteous
side,
We shall heroically pursue our course, when we begin
it ;
And keeping aye the goal in view, press on, and nobly
WIN it.

THE TWINS.

Ivy and Holly are two little pearls ;—
Two pretty jewels to string on my line ;
Two little sunny-faced seraph-like girls,
Sweet little treasures, I would they were mine.
Mine, for the sake of the beauty they bring ;
Mine, for the love in their innocent eyes ;
Mine, for the casket of songs I would sing ;
Mine, for the message they bear to the wise.
List ! the glad tidings they preach to the earth :
“ Beauty and joy for your winterly hours ;
Lift up your hearts with thanksgiving and mirth,
Life were a wilderness but for the flowers.”

PRIMROSES AND VIOLETS.

PRIMROSES and violets
All the way from Devon !
Pretty floral prophecies
Of a future heaven.

Gathered by a sister's hand,
In the mossy nooks
Of our pleasant hawthorn-lanes,
By the waterbrooks.

Little lowly folk are they,
Yet I often dream,
That I see a saintly face,
Mid their blossoms gleam.

And methinks that even now,
As I view their charms,
I can see my pretty babe
Folded in my arms.

So I send the giver thanks,
Perfumed with my love,
For her pretty prophecies,
Of the world above.

VICTOR.

A P O R T R A I T .

WITH true prevision which foresaw
 The task my willing muse essays,
 They nam'd him Victor, but I'll draw
 This little Puck among the fays.

He shall not snuff my purpose out :
 Behold the sunny elf of earth,
 So full of laughter, love, and shout,
 That every maiden calls him Mirth.

Cap-crown'd and bluff as Hal or Jack,
 In a sea-jerkin there he stands,
 Broad-shoulder'd with a burly back,
 And dark hose ring'd with scarlet bands.

A sturdy little Briton bold,
 With round cheeks shining like the morn,
 Red, plump and set in shocks of gold,
 Like poppies in the yellow corn.

To see his gleaming eyes of blue,
 Flash out their living lights o' fire,
 Like sapphires in the early dew,
 Is just to have your heart's desire.

Then there's a music in his voice,
As free as that the throstle sings,
A sound to make the soul rejoice,
And give the weary spirit wings.

Fresh from the land of Innocence,
And glowing with cherubic love,
He brings with him an affluence,
Of purity and joy above.

And yet he is so human, too,
So roguish, rollicking, and quaint,
And jaunty, if I must be true,
He's 'nine o' Cupid three o' saint.

Thus without knowing it, he bears
Himself in such a gallant way,
That when he his Glengarry wears,
He makes the girls an easy prey.

He smiles and they return his smile,
Until it comes to a caress,
When lo! he steals, with artless wile,
Their hearts, but not their happiness.

And when he greets you at the door,
And sings his pretty welcome in,
A giant Cormoran o' four,
With Joy's own dimple on his chin.

Heart-whole his little chubby hand,
He offers in so frank a way,
You own him chief of all the band,
Whose bliss it is to eat and play.

My sketch is done, and I'm in tears,
For life is not unmingled joy,
I think me of the future years,
And tremble for the happy boy.

But God is good the while I weep,
The Summer-time will have its showers,
And he who gave knows how to keep
This treasure of our earthly bowers.

A SPRING PSALM.

“ SWEET primal season, effluence divine !

Thou bright perennial from the fields of life,
Make earth once more thy consecrated shrine,
And hush the tumult of tempestuous strife.

Come, as of old, with vivifying breath,
Pearl, blue, and silver, sunny sky, and cloud,
And Beauty, springing from the bed of death,
Shall break the trammels of her icy shroud.”

The hills are touched, and lo ! their summits smoke ;
 The sea-fowl seek again their native strand ;
 The hawthorns redden underneath the oak ;
 Broad rivers laugh, and greener grows the land.

Deep in the dell the wild bee's harp is heard ;
 High in the azure Heaven's own minstrel sings ;
 Impassioned music fires the forest bird,
 While tremulous raptures vibrate in his wings.

The flowers are all devotion ; Nature's nun
 In snow-veil drops her head in silent prayer ;
 With conscious joy the crocus greets the sun,
 And fragrant with thanksgiving is the air.

A holier impulse stirs in every soul,
 With each new revelation from above ;
 Thou Spring, art one, we yield to thy control,
 And hear creation whisper, " God is Love."

HOMELY COUNSEL.

NEVER mind the little " trifles,"
 Fraying from the robe of life,
 Make not troubles out of trifles,
 They come fast enough, my wife.

THE TRYST.

A PICTURE of a bygone time,*
 My faithful pen would draw,—
 Bright summer at the morning-chime,
 Beside the silver Taw.

A long straight line of dusty way,
 A mile, may be, or more ; †
 With just a little gentle play,
 Of shadow passing o'er.

A soft, suffused, and pearly glare
 Of dreamy light on high ;
 Which breaking, lit a face as fair,
 As ever saw the sky.

A tender tremor in *her* heart,
 Of ecstasy acute ;
 Which plays a more intensive part,
 As *he* is nearing, mute.

And yet no sailor longed for day,
 More than the two to meet ;
 But this is Love's delightful way,
 Of making trysting sweet.

* 1839. † On the Braunton Road, Barum.

THE PLAYGROUND.

THE thing impossible to some,
 To others is an easy feat ;
 An obstacle to overcome ;
 A difficulty made to beat.

Your genius is a clever wight—
 Prometheus-like he stands alone
 And stops the levin in its flight,
 To play upon a telephone.

But when he paints the imp of fun,
 Besmear'd with cream and mazard-pie,
 Or taps the rain-cloud with a gun,
 Or hangs it on a line to dry—

I'll own that then there'll be a chance,
 For one to catch the subtle charms
 Of urchins, in the playful dance,
 Of their mercurial legs and arms.

Still he who dares to throw the ball,
 May tumble o'er a pin or two ;
 And perseverance conquers all—
 So, I'll just try the thing to do.

The rough-and-tumble-romp and glee,
Of children bounding out of school ;
Or dance around a wishing-tree,
Beat all the May-games of the Fool.

What merry antics children play !
What funny figures they will make !
And what delightful things they say,
Of their capacities for cake.

But let me sketch them, as about
They writhe, or wriggle, here and there ;
Now victors bold, now put to rout ;
See ! now they run "The Racing Mare."

Well done ! that's right ! around again !
And I'll be of your merry band,
O never mind a drop o' rain,
'Twill freshen much the drougthy land.

Now, one, two, three, and off you go ;
Hurrah ! the little fellow wins :—
The school-bell rings, 'tis always so !
They've done before a man begins.



DREAM THOUGHTS.*

FROM common objects wholesome truths we learn.
 Observe those hedgerows in their wanton sport,
 Winding and intersecting on their way,
 Dividing now, and now uniting—thus
 The common boundaries, and the links of all :—
 So, too, with the relationships of men ;
 Thus far, in common sympathy we run—
 And in our public duties intermix,
 When, lo, the limit of our social state
 Is bounded by the private liberties ;—
 Which, each respecting, make the commonweal.
 Behold ! again, how the defensive thorn
 Wears all his spiky armour as on guard,
 To hold his own, and keep intruders off ;—
 While, yonder, in a pretty interchange
 Of pleasant courtesies, the vetch and rose
 Are fondling with the honeysuckle : so,
 Learn we where our common interest lies,
 By seeking, for the general happiness,
 The use, delight, and harmony of all.

* A curiosity, composed one night by the Author in his sleep, and written down the next morning.

SHADOWLAND.

ALONE ! in the silvery sunshine,
 That lit my quiet bower ;
 Watching the bright clouds flitting
 Over a golden flower,—
 I mused upon the bygone,
 And waving fancy's wand,
 It brought back many a vision,
 From Memory's shadowland.

Now came with soft eyes pleading,
 A dear familiar face !
 With the sweet smile of an angel,
 That beamed with love and grace ;
 And I knew by her gentle footfall,
 Like snow upon the sand—
 'Twas the long-lost form of my mother,
 From the deep-dark shadowland.

Then, one in the pride of manhood,
 Passed on before my sight,
 With the stately step and bearing
 Of a true and gentle knight :
 And tenderly smiled, as fondly
 He beckoned with his hand,
 That I knew it could be none other
 Than my love, from the shadowland

So with joy beyond all measure,
I seek my pleasant bower ;
For I see in each fair cloud passing,
Over that lonely flower,
A sign that the links now broken,
In our once happy band—
Shall soon be again united
In a brighter, holier land.

TO CECILIA.

Who that has read thy countenance aright,
And has not found a poem in each feature ?
Bright, sparkling eyes, rich fountains of delight,
And brow, the mirror of some happy creature,
Reflecting the effulgence of a clime
Far from the ravages of woe and time.

A dainty clarion is thy rosy mouth,
Whence issue notes, that evermore are bringing
Sweet memories of the soft and sylvan South,
Where meadow-larks with meadow-brooks are sing-
ing ;
Whose laugh is a delicious melody,
Like rippled music of a summer-sea.

But who can paint the blushes on thy cheeks !
 In their own radiant sunshine, ever glowing ;
 Where innocence to hide a covert seeks
 Like golden beetle, in the red rose blowing ;
 And mirth's sweet dimple where young Joy repairs,
 Love's pretty playground, when our heart he snares.

And then thy mien ! with what an easy grace,
 Thy head is borne, e'en envy's self disarming ;
 As noiselessly thou glid'st from place to place.
 Thy native elegance our vision charming :
 In fine the poet would distracted go,
 Were every damsel to enchant him so !



PIXY-LAND.

THE Pixies are a happy band,
 And live right merrily,
 And only in a pleasant land
 Are they content to be.
 Hence, oft their footprints may be seen
 Around Weargifford Hall ;—
 For there the little folk in green
 Will hold their festival.
 And those familiar with their ways,
 And pretty elfin tricks,

In June may see the merry fays
 With fiddlers fifty-six,
 And often find their parasols
 Left on the fairy green,
 Brought there from sunny primrose knolls
 In Pixy Cøpses seen.
 Down in yon meadow by the stream,
 The dapper folk resort ;
 And while we weary mortals dream
 They 'hold their royal court.
 Blithe Killcare is the pixy King ;
 Fair Brighteye is his Queen ;
 And round them on a mushroom ring
 Their aristoes are seen.
 Some, quaffing from sweet lily bells
 Deep draughts of honey dew ;
 And others working mischief-spells
 In evil hoods o' blue.
 And one on a bright dragonfly
 Is riding, the bold knight
 Of little Goldenwing, the shy,
 His love and sole delight.

* * * *

Now tripping o'er the shaven green,
 A host of ladies go,
 Attending on the pixy Queen,
 A right brave royal show,—

Safe guarded by a thousand fays,
All bearing thistle-spears,
With plumes of kingfishers and jays,
And moorhens, on the meres,
To deck their helmets, which are made
Of golden beetles' wings ;
And, for a dirk, each has a blade
Of swordgrass from the springs.
And now the herald blows amain
His honeysuckle horn,
To summon all the fairy train
To feast before the morn :
When to an islet up the wave
The merry elves repair ;
King, Queen, bold knight and baron brave,
And lovely ladies fair.
Where by a glowworm's tiny light,
Upon a mossy floor,
For table, stands a mushroom white
Midst pixy stools, a store ;
With silvery lichens for their plate,
And golden ones also,
And daisy dishes laid in state
With mint and minnow's roe.
There, having feasted full and well
Within their fairy bower,
They sip rose-nectar from a shell
Until the dawning hour ;

When Robin Goodfellow drops in,
 And Puck with his halloo,
 And Plague o' Dreams, as owls begin
 To hoot their weird tuwhoo.
 At which the merry fiddlers play
 Their last tune for the night,
 And dancing merrily away
 All vanish out o' sight.
 When soon is heard the cuckoo's rote,
 And then the blackbird's song,
 And then the skylark's merry note,
 And next the thrush's tongue ;
 But maids out ere the sun doth rise
 That morn are pixy-led,
 While many a little changling lies
 A stranger to its bed.

TO MR. JOHN MORRISON.

ON HIS PRESENTING THE AUTHOR WITH TANNOCK'S
 AUTOTYPE PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BURNS.

Dear Jock ! I think you will allow
 That, as a rule, I might avow,
 My grateful tongue finds words enow,
 To thank a friend :—

But faith ! I've had to rub my crown,
 And pace my study up and down,
 Just like a sorely puzzled clown,—
 From end to end,

'Ere I could get my thoughts to rhyme ;
 Yet perseverance wins in time,
 And so about the curfew chime,
 A few more turns
 Gave me the impulse that I lack'd :
 And since my purpose never slack'd,
 My muse refusing to be hack'd,
 Caught sight o' Burns !

There was he hanging on my wall—
 Coat, breeks, and gaiters, hat and all ;
 With papers for a random scrawl
 O' happy thought ;
 And faithful Luath by his side,
 Intently watching, open-eye'd,
 As if the fancy he espied,
 Which Rab had sought.

Behind, the kirk o' Alloway,
 Which made him sing the eerie lay
 Of Tam O' Shanter's drunken fray,
 Was standing lone ;

With just a bonny blink o' sky,
To woo the poet's wandering eye,
Soft stealing through the window by,
 From Dian's throne.

Oh! what a grand and stalwart form!
Just made to brave the wildest storm!
And yet to spare the crawling worm
 His tender heart,
Like Cowper's, oft would prompt his foot
To pass the reptile by the root;
Or watch it, 'mid his choicest fruit
 Enjoy its part.

'Twas in my later youth I met
The lays of Scotland's darling pet;
But never Jock shall I forget,
 When first I heard
"Ye Banks and Braes," and "Auld Lang Syne,"
And that proud favourite of mine,
"A Man's a Man," each fervid line
 My nature stirred.

And if a ploughman so can write,
And yield his fellows such delight!
"I'll try a hand, for truth and right,
 And sing a song,"

I said ; and Joek thou well dost know,
How I have sought to lessen woe,
And make the darkness brighter glow,
And smote the wrong ;

When, too, I fail'd to hit the strain,
To soothe a fellow-creature's pain,
A gentle hint from thee again,
Would set me going ;—
And now thy gift o' Burns inspires,
The dying sparks o' latent fires,
Which kindling yearns with great desires,
For better doing.

So if I find my courage flag,
And Pegasus behind to lag,
Or, life move with a heavy drag,
Mine eyes I'll raise
To him, who sang of Liberty,
Love, Nature, and Humanity ;
And doing nobler work through thee,
Win nobler praise.

Harborne, October, 22nd. 1877.



A FLORAL FANCY.

SWEET flowers, how many parts ye play,
 In the old mystery of Love !
 And were we wise in what you say,
 More we might know of things above.

God has no loveless solitudes,
 Howe'er remote the heavenly sphere ;
 Nor shade where Indolence intrudes,
 Or Pity vainly drops her tear.

And so I dream and half believe
 The blossoms of this lovely land,
 Their souls of incense may receive
 From the benignant angel-band.

And that in yonder realms of light
 There are who choose the buds to tend,
 And unseen in their joyous flight
 Do hitherward their journey wend.

First seeking out the rosy queen
 To place their censers on her throne,
 Next hieing with a smile serene
 To greet the lily, chaste and lone.

Then, where Love-lies-a-bleeding, shed
 Their rich aroma o'er the spot,
 Till making odorous his bed
 With heartsease and forget-me-not.

O! sweet to think e'en angels feel
 A pleasure in such fond employ ;
 And sweet the faith that flowers reveal
 This holy ministry of joy.

 DEAN ALFORD.

THE Midsummer sun in his splendour
 Will oft be obscured by a cloud ;
 The monarch new-crowned in his palace
 Will put off his robe for a shroud ;
 The bird at the height of his warble
 Will often drop dead from the spray
 And worth from its summit of glory,—
 And thus it has happened to day.

It is not so much for thy courage,
 Though that of a champion was thine ;
 Nor is it because of thy honours
 Philosopher, Poet, Divine ;

Nor is it that thou wert so saintly,
Our vigils we mournfully keep ;
But because of thy bountiful nature,
We think of thee missing, and weep.

Sweet teacher, so wise and so winning,
So generous, gentle and true,
So with us, yet gone like the shadows
Before we could utter adieu,
O ! Master, for ever departed,
Alas ! with thy people cry we ;
Yet Heaven's bright casket of jewels,
Must be all the richer for thee.

THE MAGDALEN.

O CHRIST ! I would be wholly Thine,
A captive of Thy love ;
I yearn to taste the bliss divine
Thy saints enjoy above.

Thy name beyond all other names
Hath an enchanting sound,
Which evermore my heart inflames
And makes my spirit bound.

And yet I worship at Thy gate
 Upon the lowest stair ;
An alien to that happy state
 Which Thou wouldst have me share.

I feel Thee near, I touch Thy hand,
 But cannot see Thy face ;
Why thus a stranger do I stand
 To Thine abounding grace ?

Draw thou a little nearer, Lord,
 That I Thy smile may see ;
Would I could take Thee at Thy word,
 And trust alone in Thee.

AN OLD HOME.

THERE is a charm about an old-world scene
 Which softens the asperities of life !
How peaceful all, how sacred, how serene,
 And wide the contrast to the chafe and strife
Of cities, where the bustling, hustling rush
Drives thousands on to perish in the crush.

Just gaze you here, ye hunters after wealth,
 Until the sunshine, filtering through the air

Lights on your spirit, giving joyous health
To all your being, making foul things fair ;
Believe me, there's a poison in the gain
Which bringeth its possessor after-pain.

I'd rather be the pool, reflecting light
From yonder morning clouds that roll on high,
And imaging that windmill at the night,
When the white moon reigns sovereign of the sky,
Than the chained slave of greed, and herd with those
Who never find, till in the grave, repose.

Here, where the very beasts are looking blest,
Ambition knows no fierce consuming fire ;
The folk have Sabbath always, peace and rest,
Since prudence holds the curb on their desire :
While daily duties find them sweet employ,
And simplest pleasures yield continual joy.

Then comes the crowning day of all the seven,
Blessing the silence of their ancient ways,
When men go up unto the gates of Heaven
And offer their sweet sacrifice of praise,
Until they feel the Earth is but a stone
From which to step to the Eternal's throne.



OUR GATHERED LAMBS.

THE land was parched, and the herbage bare,
 Where a river ran strong and wide,
 With the pasture sweet, and the prospect fair,
 Away on the farther side ;
 While many a lamb, with plaintive bleat,
 Lay panting at the shepherd's feet.

Faint, famished, sore, and travel-worn,
 His helpless charge the shepherd eyes,
 And some will perish before the morn :
 So, ere the fading sunlight dies,
 Over the water they straight must pass ;
 And feed awhile on the meadow-grass.

He knows the love of the mother's heart,
 As timorous they trembling stand,
 And tenderly performs his part,
 As fondly, with his gentle hand,
 He gathers a youngling here and there,
 And bears it o'er with jealous care.

What though the river be dark and deep,
 And swift and wild the turgid flood,
 Soon hurry o'er the parent sheep,
 Thorn-pierced, and dripping with their blood ;
 When every little one that cried
 Is laid down by the mother's side.

So Christ, to draw our hearts above,
Oft takes the sucklings to us given,
That we might follow with our love,
And meet our missing lambs in heaven ;
When, oh, the joy what tongue can tell ?
Our Shepherd doeth all things well.

SNOW ON THE GRAVES.

How fair and beautiful is snow !
As silently it falls
On all impurities below,
In flakes like little palls.

Alas ! that the polluting foot
Its whiteness should defile :
But then the sun must warm the root,
To make the landscape smile.

How eloquently it doth speak
Of that celestial shore,—
Where dwell the gentle and the meek,
And evil reigns no more.

Of life's brief term, too, it doth preach,
 When melting at a breath ;
 But here each feather seems to teach
 The sanctity of death.

Harborne Churchyard, February 27th, 1879.

LILIAN.

A LITTLE spring-bud fair and sweet,
 That breaks in beauty on our sight ;
 Just like the daisy at our feet—
 A sunny picture of delight.

In love with all things having life,
 Grass, bee, bird, butterfly and flower,
 She plays the part of little wife,
 And bids them welcome to her bower.

And O ! to hear her baby talk,
 As by herself she sits and dreams :
 " Yes, I will take oo for a walk,
 And show oo all the woods and streams,

And daisy-fields and colly-boo,
 And bow-wow, gee-gee, and the baa ;
 And oo shall ride the puff-puff, too,
 And go and see oo ganma, tha ! "

Sweet petsie-pet, and timorous dove,
Alas ! that all should end in ache ;
Methinks she speaks like one above,
And fear is *doubled* for *her* sake.

TO JANIE, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

THE plough was keeping holiday
Beneath a drift of sparkling snow,
Where many a green and glossy spray,
With scarlet berries all aglow
Gleamed on the ice-locked water-way,
Where erst the purling rill did flow.

Bright Jupiter with mystic moons
Resplendent caught the gazer's sight,
As through the cold nocturnal noons
Fair Dian held her silver light ;
And March his wildest Northern runes
Shrieked in the sable ear of Night !

Our floral firstling of the year,
Dwarf mother of the nuts to be,
Blushed crimson where the catkins near
Hung dangling from the hazel-tree ;
And Nature with her frozen tear,
The snowdrop, sought the wintry lea.

That tiny pointed shaft of gold,
The crocus shot from underneath ;
Gay meadow daffodils were bold ;
The broom was greening on the heath ;
And lambs leapt gamboling from the fold
Which Spring to Spring do aye bequeath.

Sweet primrose, delicately shy,
As timorous as maiden-love,
With saintly meekness in her eye,
And all the softness of the dove,
Bloomed with that golden chalice by,
Which fabled Hebe bore above.

Then Venus, to illumine the earth,
Bade Mars with her his radiance lend ;
And give thee welcome at thy birth,
And be thy guardian and thy friend ;
So take my gem of priceless worth,
Whose value none can comprehend,—

Thy minstrel's homage in the rhyme
That sings the day when thou wert born ;
When Earth was in her hardy prime ;
When buds were bursting on the thorn ;
While larks essayed their flights sublime,
To render jubilant the morn.

March 31st, 1873.

THE THRESHER.

SONG.

THUMP, thump, thump, thump,
 Out upon the wintry gale :
 Flump, flump, flump, flump,
 Rings the sturdy thresher's flail.
 In the middle of the barn,
 Round his head the threshel goes,
 While old Goody spins her yarn,
 In the cottage by the close ;
 Thump, thump, thump, thump,
 Out upon the wintry gale,
 Flump, flump, flump, flump,
 Rings the sturdy thresher's flail.

Not a minute may he waste,
 He has got his task to do ;
 Time speeds on, and he must haste,
 And the light grows dimmer, too ;
 Thump, thump, thump, thump,
 Out upon the wintry gale ;
 Flump, flump, flump, flump,
 Rings the sturdy thresher's flail.

Forty bundles every day,
 " Handsome-bound " of wheaten-straw,
Clean of corn, to stock the bay,
 For each thresher is the law ;
Thump, thump, thump, thump,
 Out upon the wintry gale ;
Flump, flump, flump, flump,
 Rings the sturdy thresher's flail.

Pleasant in the days of yore,
 'Twas to stand and see him fling
The smooth holly on the floor ;
 While the echoes round did ring,
Thump, thump, thump, thump,
 Out upon the wintry gale ;
Flump, flump, flump, flump,
 Rings the sturdy thresher's flail.

But let pass a year or so,
 Threshels will be strange enough,
For the engines faster go,
 Though they have to blow and puff,
Puff, puff, puff, puff,
 On the hill and in the vale ;
Fluff, fluff, fluff, fluff.
 This will be the steamer's tale ;

Thump, thump, thump, thump,
Out upon the wintry gale ;
Flump, flump, flump, flump,
Rings the sturdy thresher's flail.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

SONG.

“ HITHER fly with sunny wings,
Rosy-dimpled boy !”
One behind her lattice sings,
Light of heart as joy,
“ Why should Love and Beauty sever !
Come with me and dwell for ever,”

Nestling on a sunny breast,
Near a beating heart,
Like a dove in downy nest,
Nevermore to part ;
Now the boy is asking ever,
“ Why should Love and Beauty sever ?”

Time in passing saw the bloom
 Beauty's cheek displayed,
 Touch'd it and, too soon, the tomb
 Held the lovely maid ;
 Still, young Love is singing ever,
 " Not e'en death can us dissever ! "

BONNIE JEANNIE ROBERTSON.

SONG.

O' BONNIE Jeannie Robertson !
 O' ken ye Jeannie Robertson !
 Of a' the flowers by Beauty made,
 That court the sun or woo the shade,
 There's nane the fairest o' the fair,
 Can wi the Hieland lass compare,
 The bonnie Jeannie Robertson.

O' bonnie Jeannie Robertson !
 The winsome Jeannie Robertson,
 She's sweet and caller, as the June,
 Wi' temper, like a sang in tune.
 And were the day-god bleend awhile,
 She'd licht a' Nature wi' her smile,
 Wad bonnie Jeannie Robertson.

O' gie me Jeannie Robertson,
 The sonsiè Jeannie Robertson,
 Whose gowden locks are like the rays
 Of Simmer's sun, a bonnie bleeze,
 And I wad be content to coo,
 And she should be my croodlin doo,
 The bonnie Jeannie Robertson.

O' wad ye ken the Robertson?
 The bonnie Jeannie Robertson,
 The purest sapphire is her ee,
 Her mou a cherry a' wad pree,
 And by her cheekies, rosebud red,—
 Had Nature not Perfection wed
 Ye'd ne'er hae seen the Robertson.

And she's my jo, the Robertson,
 The bonnie Jeannie Robertson !
 My lassie wi the lammie's face,
 Whose ilka charm's a peerless grace ;
 Whose warble's like a wimplin burn ;
 And heart a gift nae god'wad spurn,
 O bonnie Jeannie Robertson !



TRUE LOVE.

SONG.

TIME graves his wrinkles on thy brow ;
 And snow-white hairs are twining,
 Where smiling locks appeared but now,
 With jetty lustre shining ;
 And he has paled thy rosy cheeks,
 And bent thy form so slender ;
 But hear, for 'tis affection speaks,
 "True love is ever tender."

The weakling is the Mother's care,
 And wins the most attention ;
 The suffering she for it will bear,
 Is past all words' invention :
 Be this thy solace then on earth—
 "Sweet love it dieth never ;
 Love finds, in death, another birth,
 True love, loves on for ever."

GREAT THOUGHTS.

GREAT thoughts, like high tides, lift us up from the slime
 And sludge of the world, with its garbage and grime ;
 And bear us away, where the soul is as free
 And pure as the Guillemot riding the sea.

THE LIGHTWOODS.

THIS is the Lightwoods ! let us rest awhile,
 And watch the sun upon the landscape smile.
 Survey the prospect, as the vapours sweep
 And chase their shadows over plain and steep.
 Here the fair village, o' the pleasant brow,
 Sweet Harborne stands ; and there illumin'd now,
 The rural haunts of Solihull are seen
 Salubrious, sylvan, sunny, and serene.
 Behold again that vast expanse of blue !
 From East to West the scarlet armies view ;
 Now stretching from Godiva's town o' spires,
 To where o'er Clent their crimson'd chief retires
 Between the Wrekin and Great Malvern's head
 While Dudley smiles, and Rowley blushes red.

FOR GWENDOLINE.

PRETTY maiden, must I write
 On this tablet dainty-white ;
 Own'd by such a charming Grace,
 Who can the fair thing deface ?
 If so, prithee tell me plain
 What must be the chosen strain.

Shall I sing a song of mirth,
Shall I celebrate thy birth,
Or of bane shall be my lay ?
Pretty maiden, what dost say ?
It is thine to give the theme :
Shall it be the maiden's dream ?

Yes, I read it in thine eyes ;
Yes, I hear it in thy sighs ;
Yes, thy every feature speaks,
Dimpled chin and rosy cheeks,
And those lips so full of song,
Though all silent be the tongue.

As thou wilt so let it be,
Pretty Gwendoline, to thee,
And perchance within this book
One to love thee soon may look,
And interpret every thought :
Poets seldom write for nought.



MALVERN.

A SUGGESTION.

IF thou a joy ineffable wouldst know—
 And witness Heaven's effulgence overflow
 Its pearly banks, and flood the plains below ;
 Wait till the air is sweet with hawthorn-snow —
 Then go and stand on lofty Malvern's height,
 And feast thine eyes on that enchanting sight
 When, at the trysting of the day and night,
 The West grows golden with the afterglow.

TAMMIE'S TOKEN.

A ROSE from Lincombe by the sea !
 To say that Tammie thinks o' me.
 The gales that wanton in the South
 Still linger in its dainty mouth,
 So odorous, that all the room
 Is fragrant with its rich perfume.
 Go, get you down to Lover's Dell
 For water from the dripping well,
 While as some small return that she
 Has favoured me all bards above,
 I give it in a melody,
 The immortality of love,—
 As Moore and Milton would have done,
 Had they beheld so fair a one.

THE MAIDEN'S DREAM.

'Tis a vision of the May
With a pleasant meadow-way,
Where a hand enclasps a hand,
Links which lovers understand,
And a damsel fair and coy,
Showing love's first flush of joy.

Now a saunter through the vale
Listening to a low-breathed tale,
Though the fitful blushes run
Crimson as the setting sun,
And a pain is at the heart
Where the god has shot his dart.

Then the radiance of a face,
Rapture of a fond embrace,
Mute enjoyment of a feeling
Which will never brook concealing,
And that marriage made above,
Soul with soul, and love with love.



TO G. W. R.

You will remember friend this eve !
When we came sauntering forth,
And saw the young Moon's golden bow
Lean back against the North.

There was a silence all around
That made us pause awhile,
As memories of bygone days
A moment did beguile ;

For underneath a chestnut tree,
Linked with a sycamore,
Where grassy hillocks met the gaze
Around St. Peter's door,

There lay a little neighbourhood
Of men who loved the fair,
And worshipped all things beautiful
In earth, and sea, and air.

The old grey tower that centuries
Had braved the storm and blast ;
The lofty elm-grove, and the yews
Which sombre shadows cast ;

And cabin on the mountain side,
 Roofed o'er with moss and fern,
 And skiff on the in-coming tide
 Wood, meadow-land, and burn.

Such were the subjects of his brush,
 Who had the master hand,
 And with his genius did inspire
 The little loving band.

Now mute and peacefully they rest
 Within their silent homes ;
 Cox, Roberts, Baker, Harper, all
 Still loyal in their tombs.

Harborne Churchyard, May 14th, 1880.

BY THE ROADSIDE.

WOULD that I could for ever feel
 The rapture that to-day
 Fired all my being as I gazed
 Upon the lovely May.

Above me where the tender blue
 Clear as a sapphire shone,
 The winged clouds flew lily-white
 Around her summer throne.

While in the zenith, like a crown
Of pure effulgent fire,
The sun in royal majesty
My spirit did inspire.

And then to see the fields of gold
Framed deep with hawthorn bloom !
And chestnut trees with spreading fans
Sweet scented with perfume !

And list the music of the birds
In every wood and grove !
And linger there until you felt
It was a sin to move !

Such sights and sounds are a delight,
And fraught with so much bliss,
That he who heeds them not, the soul
Of life's true joy doth miss.

Harborne Road, May 19th, 1878.



TO MRS. T——

ON HER PRESENTING THE AUTHOR WITH A DRAWING
OF LYNTON, NORTH DEVON.

“HE hath forgotten us,” I heard thee say ;
Does April’s bird forget the tuneful band ?
No, for a season he may cease his lay,
But he will come again and charm the land.

Thus, though awhile my muse all silent be,
True gratitude will e’er perform its part ;
I always pay my debts of poesy
And dare not be a traitor to my heart.

So take our greeting, and, for “Auld Lang Syne”
Weed out the harsh thought which has taken root,
Since mistletoe and holly-berries twine
Thy view of Lynton: love’s sweet work and fruit.

We hail thy pictured transcript of the West,
Or rather one of those sweet scenes which we
Did revel in, when swallows made their nest
Beneath our eaves beside the Severn Sea ;

For fancy treads again each winding road
To watch the happy folk who saunter there,
As Labour, for a season, drops his load
And bathes his temples in the balmy air.

How green the upland ! and how wild the way
 O'er which the torrent tumbles in its might,
 And blue the alder-shaded pools, where play
 Round golden patens rich with summer-light.

Then, leaning o'er huge boulders in the stream,
 We see the fronds of lady-ferns outspread ;
 And now, as lovely as a poet's dream,
 The seagull waves his white wings overhead.

This paragon of beauty by the sea,
 Where waves with foam-fans kiss the rocky shore ;
 We have as ours, sweet lady, thanks to thee,
 To love and look upon for evermore.

Harborne, New Year's Eve, 1876.

LOVE'S DIAL.

THE facial peak ! no negatives for me,
 It is the master-feature of my lay ;
 And, whether straight or aquiline it be,
 I have a poet's compliment to pay.

One summer season, Cupid, ere the time
 That clocks or watches asked us for a trial,
 While humming o'er Apollo's latest rhyme,
 Thought Dian's nose would make a handsome dial.

So seeking a cool umbrage, in the shade
 He found the huntress sporting all alone ;
 When, leading her unto a sunny glade,
 He soon espied a pretty moss-clad stone ;

Where, resting both, the urchin and the maid,
 She gazing most intently on the sky,
 He begged a kiss ; when thus she pertly said,
 “ Nay, not until the sun is zenith-high.”

Abashed and waiting, the impatient boy
 Lay watching the slow shadow cross her face
 Till noon was marked, when, rushing off for joy,
 He claimed the boon, which she bestowed with grace.

TO A LADY FRIEND.

ON HER FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

FROM my sick couch all faint with pain,
 I send my warmest, friendliest strain ;
 For know if aught can e'er inspire
 A minstrel true to strike his lyre,
 'Tis found in those two charms of life—
 The Mother dear and tender Wife.
 How oft of late have I been taught
 The value of the loving thought,

As she, the glory of my youth,
Has proved her patience, faith and truth !
Unwearied with the wearing day,
My pains she often did allay ;
And when the night came there sat she,
My angel bright of constancy.
No pang that pierced my quivering frame
But seemed to torture her the same ;
No agonizing groan but tore
Her spirit to its inmost core.
If such the love of woman then—
If such her sympathy with pain—
Base is the ingrate who would shrink,
Though tottering on Death's darksome brink,
To tell the world how much we owe
The gentle wife in time of woe.
And of the Mother's holy part,
Much I could sing would touch the heart ;
Mine eyes have seen—God knows—her care
In my own Mother ; in her prayer,
Her soothing word, her earnest look,
And watch that would no challenge brook.
I, too, may tell of *her*, my love,
The Mother of my missing dove.
Madam, I know thy heart too well,
To think that thou would'st break the spell
That makes me sing so sad a lay
On this thy Jubilee—but say

Ar'n't Mothers all the same—if true—
 And Jane has dark eyes just like you ;
 A fond and tender wife is she ;
 So thinks thy husband too of thee ;
 And long may He who rules in Heaven
 Spare us our blooming flowers of Devon.
 As *Wives*, may every year they live
 Find us more love and pleasure give ;
 As *Mothers*, may they live to see
 Their children's children climb their knee ;
 May every year behold them grow
 More Christ-like unto all below ;
 And when our parting hour shall come
 May Heaven provide us each a HOME.

January 20th, 1856.

LOVE'S LETTER BOX.

So pretty, though so petulant, and frolicsome as June,
 Young Lettie seemed unto my gaze one sweet mirth-
 making noon—
 That, when the harvest dance was o'er, I sought the
 maiden's ear,
 And thought I something had to say, made up of hope
 and fear.

For one whole hour we walked the lanes, save stopping
by, each stile,
To view the sunny landscape round, and win her
lovely smile ;

For one whole hour she nothing spoke to all I had to say,
Save what a happy time she spent at Merriden one day ;

And of the pleasant rustle which the fragrant hay-
trones made,

While sitting in the meadow there beneath the hedge-
row's shade ;

And of the merry chat she had with one who loved
her well,

And spoke of going there again, some day, if not to
dwell.

I cannot tell you what I felt—'twas something more
than pain ;

It was an ache about the heart, and throbbing of the
brain—

At last I caught her by the hand, so soft and lily-white,
And looking up into her face, all rosy-sunrise light,

I told her of a lissom lass with locks of golden hair,
Bright sapphire eyes and ruby lips and cheeks with
dimples rare,

And that I had no heart to give to any one on earth,
For she had it. "Poor heartless loon," she laughed out
in her mirth,

“ I pity you ; what can I do to mend your hapless state ? ”

“ Say nothing more, dear maid,” said I, “ about your
hedge-row mate,

And ere another week be passed, send me a line to say
If you are willing I should wed my blue-eyed love in May.”

“ I will,” replied the gentle girl, “ to ease thy heart, so
hear !

You know that little hawthorn nook* just round the
corner, dear,

A slight slip of the tongue,” she said, “ but never mind
it ; see,

There you to-morrow morn shall find a letter love, from
me.”

With that she gave a chuckle, like the blackbird's joyous
crow,

And flitted like a fairy in the golden afterglow,

And oh ! I felt so lonely, and a twelvemonth seemed
that night,

But at daybreak I was waking with a new and wild
delight.

Ere the sun had drunk his dew-wine from the chalice
of the morn,

I had gone to fetch her favour from the nooklet in the
thorn,

Where in a tiny hollow that some little bird had made,
I found a dainty posy left half hidden in the shade :

* Church Road, Harborne.

A slip of milk-white heather and a red geranium bloom,
A pansy and verbena of delicate perfume,
With a spray of tender maidenhair and sprig of crimson
 phlox,
Made the sweet-scented love letter dropped in that way-
 side box.

As I read each mystic syllable that morning o'er and
 o'er,
My love deciphered all it said, and asked for nothing
 more ;
And the sweet hieroglyphs I'll keep unto my latest day,
For fonder things they speak to me than written words
 can say.

There is no need for me to dwell on what sweet Lettie
 thought
About the heartless lad whom she had made almost
 distraught ;
The lover o'er at Merriden her brother was I found ;
And we have lived next door to him since we were
 bridal-bound.



A MEMORY OF WILDERSMOUTH.

1837.

No black eye ever wore a brighter smile,
 Its radiant beauty glorified the face,—
 And made one pause and wonder for awhile,
 As with its lustre it illum'd the place.
 Oft have I, journeying over life's long mile,
 Seen many a fairy form of maiden-grace,
 Whose dimpled cheek and captivating wile
 Beam'd forth beneath a fall of dainty lace ;—
 But, never one did so my soul beguile,
 As she who met me where the Wilder meets
 The wild Atlantic surge, that rolls and beats
 Against the rocky ramparts of the Isle ;
 And when I think of the entrancing one,
 I pity him no woman smiles upon.

 TO CARRINA.

A SINGER in my Western ways
 I sauntered carolling my lays.
 A solo from the golden bill
 Of blackbird, or a meadow-rill
 Singing along some sunny dell
 Would charm me like a wedding bell.

Anon a wildling' in the moss,
Or cowslip, or the Whitsun-boss ;
Or butter-blob, or lady smock,
Or willow, fern, or lichen'd rock
Did make me halt and pencil down
The thoughts that danc'd beneath my crown.
And when the throstle tun'd his throat,
Or lark into the blue would float,
Or dropping from the clouds above
Dart like an arrow to his love,
I sought in a sweet, simple song
The passing pleasure to prolong.
Then lovers met me here and there
And begg'd the favour of an air ;
And Sorrow in her sable weeds ;
And Pity, with her kindly deeds,
Would ask a stave ; thus line by line
I learnt to like this task of mine :
And since you bribe me with a smile
To pen a pleasant word or two,
May love and joy your way beguile
And health your rosy youth renew.

Harborne, June 9th, 1877.



ON THE FELLING OF FRANKLEY BEECH.

ALAS ! thou'rt gone ; the axe has laid thee low ;
 The pride of all the landscape is no more ;
 We called thee ours because we loved thee so,
 And sooth the loss has left us very poor.
 By whose proud mandate was the dire act done ?
 What sacrilegious hand performed the deed ?
 Who dared in presence of the glorious sun
 To smite and wound, and make thy old heart bleed ?
 Thou had'st possession of the pleasant height,
 And stood in glory on its sunny crown,
 And held it by an undisputed right,
 And yet some wanton hand must strike thee down.
 Methinks I feel the force of every blow,
 And my soul quivers with the deadly stroke,
 That sent thee thundering to the ground below,
 With a loud crash that boughs and branches broke.
 They might have spared thee for the poor man's sake,
 Whose pleasures are but few amid his toil,
 And wrought their mischief in some neighbouring brake,
 Where furze and brushwood never fail the soil.
 How thou didst gladden the wayfarer's heart !
 What pleasure thou didst yield the poet's eye !
 How oft the painter, faithful to his part,
 Hath wedded thee to his bright summer-sky.

The lambs were happier when thou wert there ;
 And larks sang merrier upon the wing ;
 The herds more cheerful looked, the flocks more fair,
 And sweeter scented were the flowers of Spring.
 The townsman, standing on the fair browed hill
 Of windy Harborne, looking to the West,
 Of the broad sweeping view would take his fill
 From Clent to Norton ; then midway, at rest,
 His gaze would dwell on thy commanding form
 Central, and sovereign of the vast expanse,—
 Oft thinking how defiant of the storm
 Thou held'st thy own in the tumultuous dance.
 But now he turns with an averted eye,
 Since ruthless hands have marred the lovely scene,
 And hurrying past, for love's sake heaves a sigh,
 And grieves a vandal's axe could be so keen.

LOVE IN SUNSHINE.

SONG.

WHEN Memory, like fairy May,
 Repairs unto her fragrant bower,
 Where Love sat every sunny day
 In dalliance with his darling flower ;
 And fancy paints each bygone scene
 In fresh and glowing colours dight,
 And like the young moon smiles serene
 On her creation of delight ;—

Our weary life renews her youth,
 And treads once more the olden ways,
 While rosy Innocence and Truth
 Sing o'er their long forgotten lays—
 Until the heart enchanted beats
 With strong pulsating thrills of joy,
 And Earth grows rich in vernal sweets,
 And Rapture dances like a boy.

Then Memory weave thy magic spell,
 Recalling all those golden dreams
 Of bliss which we were wont to tell
 Beside the softly singing streams ;
 When every dewdrop was a gem,
 And every star an angel's eye ;
 Since love was life's bright diadem,
 And Sorrow had no time to sigh.

THE LOVE LETTER.

SONG.

SUNG BY MADAME RUDERSDORFF.

ANOTHER letter ! and from him !
 With Cupid on the cover.
 'T will be a very harmless whim,
 I'll fancy him my lover.

He calls me jewel, pretty pet,
And sends his love to mother,
And vows he never shall forget
My face for any other.
“Tis very hard,” he writes, “for me
To play a part so shy.
Why keep me in suspense?” says he,
I cannot tell him why.

My mother told me yesternight,
That ten was out of season ;
And ask'd why Rob kept out of sight,
She said she had her reason,
I stammer'd out a something, when
She stopped me : “ No inventions ;
Beware of those deceitful men.
Pray, what are his intentions ? ”
I would have told her all I knew ;
When, lo ! a heavy sigh ;
And such a simpleton I grew ;
I cannot tell you why.

But Robin's letter, thus he writes :
“ Sweet Jessie, one word—never
Shall I forget that night o' nights
I thought thee mine for ever ”
Poor Robin ! but I'll read no more ;
There's some one hither rushing.

That's mother's footstep on the floor ;
 I fear she'll catch me blushing.
 "What, Jessie ! what are you about ?
 A love-letter ! O, fie !"
 I couldn't blurt the secret out,
 And cannot tell you why.

It's no use going on like this ;
 To *lose* him there's the danger.
 'Tis heaven ordains a woman's bliss
 Should settle on a stranger.
 If love makes hearts go pit-a-pat,
 My own has just that feeling ;
 And so I'll write him tit for tat,
 Without a thought concealing.
 "Dear Rob, in answer to your prayer,
 I send you this reply :
 Yes ! thine for ever, Jessie Clare !"
 Girls better love than die.

THE REQUEST.

WHEN I am gone one thing I ask of thee,
 I know thou wilt vouchsafe to grant the boon,
 Take up thy pen and write my elegy,
 A sweet love-lyric to a happy tune.

You know I gave my all, my love, my life,
To paint Devonia's solitary nooks,
And moorland-floods white-lipp'd with foam and strife,
Her storm-swept tors and softly murmuring brooks.
Say then, that Nature claimed me for her own ;
That Beauty won my heart while yet a child,
And dear to me was every moss-clad stone,
Each reed-thatched cottage, lane and floweret wild.
How naiads watched me from each rocky stream,
And dryads from each deep unbrageous wood,
Till life became a soft delicious dream,
And poesy as sweet as angel's food.
Say, too, like Joshua in days of yore
I bade the sun at my command stand still,
And charmed the mad waves breaking on the shore,
And saved the ruin on the castled hill.
For love of Art I ask it more than fame,
And love of thee whose love can not deny ;
To thine own pastoral music set my name,
And I will lay me down in peace and die.



THE ELEGY.*

I PROMISED him that I would not forget,
 To carry out his last and fond request ;
 And since to Nature he has paid his debt,
 Peace to his ashes !—let the good man rest.
 The gentlest, meekest son of Earth was he,
 Beloved and loving—simple as a child,
 Yet deeply learned in Art's sweet mystery,
 He revelled in the beautiful and wild,—
 The broad champaign, the cattle-dotted meads,
 Idyllic scenes where living waters flow,
 Gold iris, bulrush, and green marish reeds,
 Rich crimson sunset and soft afterglow ;
 And hamlets on the margin of my † Exe ;
 The patient teams while busy at their toil ;
 The rosy beauty of the gentler sex ;
 And honest ploughman ruddy as the soil.
 And as the master of the tuneful Art,
 Harmoniously the various chords will blend,
 Till each of each becomes a magic part
 And one rich concord the triumphant end,—

* OBITUARY NOTICE.—At his residence, Parker's Well Cottage, Topsham Road, near Exeter, Mr. William Traies, Artist, aged 83.—*Western Times*, April 28, 1872.

† The author was born on "The Ham," by the Exe, Tiverton, North Devon, Jan. 21st, 1819.

So layer upon layer deftly laid,
 Of glowing colour from his subtle brush,
 Gave us a cloudless June-sky, golden-ray'd,
 Over the green haunts of the merry thrush.
 And all so mellow'd that we felt the charm
 For ever present in his dreamy glades;
 That light which steeped in bliss the homely farm,
 And the translucent darkness of his shades.
 His inspiration from the bright he drew,
 His cheerfulness made him an inward heaven,
 And gave his landscape that celestial hue,
 Which proves the painter's Paradise is Devon.

THE HONEST MAN.

SONG.

A SONG, a lusty-hearted song !
 Come join me as I sing,
 Though Might be Right and Right be Wrong,
 Still Honesty is king ;
 The sovereign of a monarchy,
 Built on the good old plan,
 That to be strong we must be free,
 And every one a MAN,
 All-round,
 Heart-sound,
 Base manœuvres scorning ;

Upright
 And down-straight,
 Like six o'clock i' th' morning.

The offspring of an erring race
 Some blemish you may find,
 But with a joy-illumin'd face
 And pity for his kind ;
 With soul to succour the distress'd,
 And charity to scan
 The failings of the worst and best
 Each one should play the man ;
 All-round,
 Heart-sound,
 Base manœuvres scorning,
 Upright,
 And down-straight,
 Like six o'clock i' th' morning.

True, one may lack the golden store
 Which Avarice will hoard,
 But none must dare to call him poor
 Whom Nature makes a lord ;
 Who from his little gives his mite
 Gaunt misery to ban,
 And boldly stands up for the right
 A brave and dauntless man,

All round,
Heart-sound,
Base manœuvres scorning,
Upright,
And down-straight,
Like six o'clock i' th' morning.

Such men at times we may behold,
Majestic in their mien,
Who, two-and-twenty-carat gold,
Of sterling worth are seen ;
While some we loved are now at rest,
Cold, cheerless, mute and wan,
Where Truth has written on their breast,
“ He lived and died a man,
All-round,
Heart-sound,
Base manœuvres scorning,
Upright,
And down-straight,
Like six o'clock i' th' morning.”

And when we shall be carried hence,
To moulder in the dust,
Be this our labours' recompense,
The honour of the just.

Some sorrow-pearls we too would crave,
 Shed only as love can,
 And this to mark our humble grave,
 " Here lies an honest man.
 All-round,
 Heart-sound,
 Base manœuvres scorning,
 Upright
 And down-straight,
 Like six o'clock i' th' morning."

HURRAH FOR THE SUNSHINE.

SONG.

HURRAH for the sunshine ! Good-bye to the rain !
 'Tis Summer, soft sunny, bright Summer again ;
 The meadow's brown seraph sings high in the cloud,
 And the scythes of the mowers are ringing aloud,
 Hurrah for the sunshine ! Good-bye to the rain !
 The corncrake is here with the cuckoo again.

Hurrah for the sunshine ! the glory of earth,
 And smile of delight she puts on in her mirth,
 The joy of the young, and the life of the old,
 As they bathe in the meadowlands flooded with gold,
 Where kingcups, enchanted, are watching again
 God's far-away flocks on His indigo plain.

Hurrah for the sunshine ! Good-bye to the blight,
The blast-blow by day, and the mildew by night,
For the warm wind is here from the sea in the south,
With the scent of a cinnamon-spray in its mouth.
Hurrah for the sunshine ! Good-bye to the rain !
The swift screams aloud in its hawking again.

Hurrah for the sunshine ! Good-bye to the gray,
The badge of the March and the bane of the May,
For the queen of the seasons is out with her bees,
Where the odorous heather-hills sweeten the breeze ;
Hurrah for the sunshine ! Good-bye to the rain !
The swallows are high in the welkin again.

Hurrah for the sunshine ! Good-bye to the gloom :
An angel of light into Misery's room,
It steals by a way that no honey-bine knows
Entwined with the jessamine, ivy, and rose ;
Then fair fall the sunshine !—and speed to the rain—
Sweet sunshine, the charmer and solace of pain.

Hurrah for the sunshine ! Good-bye to the hail,
The race of the rack, and the surge of the gale,
For the tempests that gathered their hosts in the sky
No longer in fury go storming on high ;
'Tis calm in the heavens, and tranquil below,
Where balmy hedge-hawthorns are white with their
snow.

Hurrah for the sunshine ! Hurrah for the lanes !
Where fragrant geraniums burn red through the panes,
And bonny green climbers that trail o'er the doors,
Paint fairy-like forms on the cottagers' floors.
Hurrah for the sunshine ! Good-bye to the rain !
The dog-roses nod to the poppies again.

Hurrah for the sunshine ! Good-bye to old care !
The blue bell of Heaven is blooming and fair,
And friendly boughs wave their broad fans in the
glade

Where wayfarers rest in the cool of the shade.
Hurrah for the sunshine ! Good-bye to the rain !
The elder is creamy with blossom again.

“ Hurrah for the sunshine ! ” the little ones shout,
As Age, on his crutches, once more hobbles out,
Where birds blithely warble, and love-couples greet
The butterflies, spinning around at their feet.
Hurrah for the sunshine ! Good-bye to the rain !
The merry haymakers are busy again.

Hurrah for the sunshine ! The folk are away
To the kingfishers' haunt, where the blue-dragons play,
And cattle knee-deep in the willowy brooks
Make pictures for painters in fern-feathered nooks,
While midges, that sport in the heart of the glen,
Dance fairy quadrilles for the poet again.

Hurrah for the sunshine ! Good-bye to our fears !
 God's will aye be welcome—but corn in the ears,
 And a green aftermath, and a stack of sweet hay,
 With a pledge of rich fruitage, give life to a lay.
 So hail to the sunshine ! Good-bye to the rain !
 'Tis Summer, old sunny, bright Summer again !

TO THE ADIANTUM.

GATHERED AT THE TORS, ILFRACOMBE ; AND PRE-
 SENTED TO THE AUTHOR, BY MISS B—. OCT. 1878. ,

I SEE thee, and am holden with a spell,—
 A willing slave of an enchanting dream.
 The air is tuned, as if a silver bell
 Had caught the sweet wild music of a stream.
 That trickling down some warm secluded dell,
 Bright flashing in the golden summer beam,
 Goes softly singing evermore—"Farewell,"
 Where the blue lightnings of the dragons gleam.
 Thou darling of the fairy-fronded race,
 I deemed the lady-fern was more than fair,
 But thou excelleth her in charm and grace,
 And bear'st thyself with such a witching air
 That I some truth in the old fable see,
 Save that Narcissus would have worshipped *thee*.

TO J. T. T——

A POSY FOR THE BRIDAL.

GOOD morrow, friend, long tried and true,
 As fresh as April's early dew.
 To see thee is the cure of care—
 And looking on thy visage, fair
 And smiling as a summer's morn,
 I dream of valleys bright with corn
 And pleasant woods and sunny glades,
 And winding lanes with cooling shades
 Away beside the Severn sea
 Where long ago I met with thee.
 And yet thy locks of silver gray
 Show me that Time has been at play
 With wanton fingers here and there ;
 Thy brow, too, bears the marks of care
 And sorrow for the dear ones gone,
 Who sleep beneath the graveyard stone :
 But health still revels on thy cheek,
 And, full of fire, I hear thee speak,
 And see the old flash in thine eye
 And form that steps in triumph by.
 I wept with thee in days of woe,
 And when thy cup would overflow
 With joy, I sang my sweetest strain
 To make it overflow again.

And now I pipe a merry lay
 To add a pleasure to the day *
 When worthy Tucker's scion found
 The sweetest flower of Osborne's ground.
 O happy man ! did he but know
 The worth which words must fail to show
 Of her who now will bear his name,
 His heart would burn a living flame,
 So loving is she, and so kind—
 With all adornments of the mind.
 We knew her mother, know her sire—
 The first we loved, the last admire.
 So gentle was the Mother, she
 Who weds thy son must gentle be ;
 So good the Father that her name
 Is fair already with his fame. †
 And now God bless thy family,
 All those that are, and those to be,
 And, as all fragrant was the time
 With honeysuckle-scented lime,
 When Leslie to the altar led
 His Florence with her timid tread,

* August 9th.

† Alderman OSBORNE, J. P., is a gentleman much esteemed in the Midlands for his works' sake, and, as the originator of the Birmingham Free Library, he has been honoured with the public Presentation of his Portrait, which now hangs in the Art Gallery of that town.

So may their future sweetened be
With health, love, joy, and amity ;
And parents long survive to share
The blessings of the Happy Pair.

Harborne, Aug. 13th, 1877.

TO THE LATE SIR THOMAS DYKE
ACKLAND, BART.

ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

FORCED by the potent laws of love and duty
To leave the fragrant valleys of the west ;
A sigh for home and old Devonian's beauty,
Is the chief tenant of my yearning breast.

What boots it that the meadows here are yellow,
With spotted cowslips ruffled to the rim,
Or that the lark salutes his happy fellow
O'er azure harebells dewy to the brim ?

What though the sun should gild the morn with
splendour,
And the white moon walk in her light on high,
And night, rich with the glory planets lend her,
Scatter her starry treasures o'er the sky ?

To me, with my poor vision disenchanted,
Night is a vault which sepulchres the day ;
The moon is but a ghost in chamber haunted,
The sun is blind, and darkness is his ray ?

O for Devonias daffodils that ever
Burst into bloom and beauty like a flame !
And primroses which fringe each wood-crowned river,
And speedwells, with their sweet poetic name !

With these the rose herself, the red and royal,
In some far shade may hide her head and blush ;
And though I may be counted most disloyal,
Ten nightingales for *one* Devonian thrush.

But whither is my wayward fancy straying ;
Thou dear Devonias art my golden dream ;
And thus my pen has been the vagrant playing,
When Acland's virtue should have been the theme.

Forgive my fault, if in my warm affection
My thought took wing at the reveréd name,
And speeding then in quest of fair perfection,
Dreamt Acland and Devonias were the same.

Thou wilt not blame the minstrel, if in singing
A love-lay for his county he should blend
The deeds of him who praised his first rhymes' ringing,
And sank the patron in the generous friend.

Beloved by all, the lowly and the mighty,
Thy name, Sir Thomas, is a pleasant sound,
Which grows more dear at the ripe age of eighty
To all the dwellers in the country round.

And looking on thee, what is their ambition ?
 To be what thou art, noble, loving, kind ;
 Great pattern men, and this is their petition,
 " O may we leave as good a name behind."

Behind—alas ! yes e'en the best must perish,
 All that is mortal must return to dust ;
 But actions die not ; these thy friends will cherish,
 And write upon thy tomb, " Here lies the just."
 Rock Cottage, Harborne, Birmingham, April, 1867.

"APRIL FOOLING."

" I CANNOT tell the reason why
 The first of April we decry
 And call it All Fools' day ;
 It seems to me to be a crime,
 For then the Spring is in its prime
 And brighter oft than May.

'Tis very true I will agree,
 No matter what the season be,
 We've fools enough, alack !
 And those the biggest idiots are
 And under an unlucky star
 Who've Mischief at their back.

This was old Ruth's soliloquy
That morning o'er her toast and tea,
 And Ruth was counted wise ;
And that she was so you will find
If you will only be so kind
 To read with open eyes.

'Twas on the thirty-first of March
When maiden buds upon the larch
 Were greening by the brake,—
That Ruth o'erheard a neighbour say
A word which made her haste away
 Her thirsty ire to slake.

A half o' hint that so and so
Had said an evil thing or two
 Against the worthy dame ;
Insinuating this, in fact,
That she had done some foolish act
 Which tarnished much her fame.

And so she made this solemn vow,
“I ere the sun on Walton Brow
 To morrow morn shall rise,
Will go and ask the wicked lout
What he has had to say about
 Myself, to his surprise.”

The morning came, and forth she went,
Where violets were sweet with scent,
 And snowdrops all in bloom,
And many a golden crocus cup
Was smiling that the lark was up
 In Heaven's own ante-room.

And then the thrush began to sing
To his blithe brother on the wing,
 And now the mellow merle,
Until the tomtit at his play
Made merry as a popinjay
 With Poll the milking girl.

"O what a joyous time" said Ruth,
"The Universe is in its youth
 And full of love and joy ;
How sad it is to think that men
Will work their fellows bitter pain,
 And so their peace destroy.

But I must hie me to the loon
Who told his folly to the moon
 When speaking light of me ;
And such a lesson he shall learn
That he henceforward will discern
 'Tis better mute to be."

With that her hands clutched at the air,
 Then said with mirth provoking stare,
 “Lor what a dunce to school ;
 I see old Peter was at play
 At Maygames long before the May,
 I’ll be no April Fool.”

So all good folk take my advice,
 Before you act consider thrice
 About the things you hear ;
 And of half-hinters have a care,
 They’re Mischief’s imps, so pray beware,
 And you’ll have less to fear.

April 1st, 1879.

TO D. D.—

ON HIS PRESENTING THE AUTHOR WITH A POSY OF ROSES.

THOUGH words are poor, when feeling moves
 The soul to paint the thing it loves,
 Yet know a happy man is he
 Who links himself in sympathy
 With everything of beauty borne
 At noon, at eve, at night, or morn :—

But he whose dear delight, is this,
 To woo young Summer's maiden kiss
 Among his rosebuds, happier lives
 When he from his abundance gives,
 And, in bestowing, doth believe
 'Tis better far than to receive.

POETICAL PERCEPTION.

THE daisy hath an influence
 Which asks of man another sense,
 Ere he can apprehend the power
 In the pure nature of the flower.

LOVE IN ENGLAND.

“ONE TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES THE WHOLE
 WORLD KIN.”

A MEMORY of a happy day.—
 My friend as we were strolling out,
 Turned up a little narrow way,
 Not heeding what he was about.

A pleasant, deep, and winding lane,
Cutting the skirts of down and dell,
With peeps of castle, cot, and fane,
Mill, river, bridge, and mossy well.

Green ivy-nooks alive with fern,
And flowers that made the wayside fair
Confronting us at every turn,
Fast held the soul as with a snare ;

Here Nature's little saintly nun,
The wee white daffodil would gleam ;
There celandines, that love the sun,
Ran down the bank a golden stream,

While all the woods sweet music made,
For linnets, led off by the thrush,
A concert held in every glade,
Nor ceas'd until the twilight hush.

“ O what a song of wild delight
Those birds are trilling, prithee hark ! ”
Broke out my friend, as to his sight
Mine eyes shone with a joyous spark.

But I had caught another sound,
Which made my heart with rapture dance ;
And as along the lane I wound
I yearn'd to catch a wish'd-for glance.

You guess the signal that I heard ;
 My friend, he wot not of the sign,
 She came, his soul was wildly stirr'd ;
 "Too late," I said, "for she is mine."

LOVE IN INDIA.

(FROM HAFIZ.)

WHERE Sindhu's waters flash and glide,
 Her eye the orient sun did shame ;
 Of Hindustan she was the pride,
 I ask'd the favour of her name ;
 When, toying with a raven curl,
 The Maiden answer'd "Lily."—Pearl—
 "For me, for me, Sweet?" "Lula."—No—
 Ah! that she should have answer'd so!

ABILITY AND CONCEIT.

THE throstle waits with folded wing
 His richest melody to sing,
 While the pert sparrow will essay
 A chirp or twitter every day.

TO A. B. P——

As erst the clouds flew ramping past,
 Like sleuth hounds o'er the earth,
 Fierce-eyed and furious on the blast,
 To chase the hours of mirth,
 I sought thy cosy ingleside,
 Where peace and comfort smile,
 In converse sweet at eventide,
 A moment to beguile.

And pleasant 'twas to read with thee,
 Our grand old bard sublime,
 Who sung that mighty mystery,
 Before the birth of time—
 How Paradise, the fair, was lost,
 And how it was regained.
 When Satan and his vanquished host,
 For evermore were chained.

Or as the daylight would depart,
 Beneath the summer sky,
 To watch Diana shoot her dart,
 With diamond barb on high,
 Or mark old Cader in the cloud ;
 That hung above our head,
 As plain as when from mist and crowd,
 We trod the Mawdach's bed,

Delightful are the quiet hours,
That I enjoy with thee,
At sundown mid the birds and flowers,
With thought and fancy free.
And long as life with thee shalt last,
May Peace and Pleasure come,
To make as in the happy past,
A halo for thy home.

Harborne, Christmas, 1879.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

HE caught the sparkle of her bright blue eye,
As one might, walking on the common way,
Catch a bright sun-gleam in the summer sky,
And found it haunting him, both night and day.
He had gone out that morning in the May
Unweeting who might be the passer by ;
But wherefore did he through the greenwood stray
And be so wounded by a stranger ? why ?
Yet though but smitten by an artless maid,
With just a rose and lily tinted cheek
And lip, where Love his little bow had laid
Leaving behind a soft vermilion streak,
To heal the hurt in his sore heart and head,
Th' unwary damsel he was fain to seek.

LOVE'S REBUFF.

What ails the fellow? He is crazed, I trow,
 To talk unto a stranger in this way;
 Woo me, indeed! He's madman in the play,
 And that I very soon to him will show.
 He tells me he will never have my "No:"
 Well, be it so, then he must take my "Nay."
 I loathe him, and will keep the dog at bay
 Until the fever of his heart is low.
 There's something wrong about this thing called love.
 A silly frenzy made of sighs and gladness.
 A dual of contraries, fire and snow.
 He says he's found life's crown in me, Heigho!
 If so, the gods must settle it above,
 Enamoured thus of Hate is arrant madness.

 TO E. H. BURRINGTON ON THE DEATH
 OF HIS BROTHER FREDERICK.

DEAR Friend of many years, in spirit true;
 For love of the old bygone, Peace to you.
 It grieved me sore as I these tidings read,
 "The Bard of Exon resteth with the dead."
 Oft there are ties more dear than those of blood—
 The bonds that wed the generous and the good,
 And golden cords of poesy that bind
 The heart with heart, and kindred mind with mind.

How blest the lot where *both* together meet,
The birth-link'd Brother and the Minstrel sweet.
Such was the joy which Heaven vouchsafed to you,
The double bond which love kept ever true.
As one may hear, when vernal eyes are still,
A throstle singing on a neighbouring hill,
And, listening, catch a far-off answering strain,
Sent by a brother warbler o'er the plain :—
So have we heard your interchanging song,
A love-duet, float all the vale along,
As one more vigorous led the tuneful way,
And one with his sweet minor closed the lay.
Alas ! the loss. See poor Devonian now
With Sorrow's cypress wreathes her lovely brow ;
For the sweet pipe of Larkbeare sounds no more—
While he, who sang the " Fishers " by her shore,
And Bydown's bard, whose heart-reviving song
Our soul's delight did evermore prolong,
Each with his silent harp upon a tome,
Sleeps with our brother in their last long home.
And yet the Muse of Isca should not weep
As if her cup of woe were overdeep,
Since you, who sang the " Beautiful " of yore,
And struck your lyre to animate the poor,
Shall take it once again and sweep the strings,
Till all the land with its sweet music rings.

Harborne, October 22nd, 1877.

THE BLIND BOY'S CAROL.

THEY are gone to gather holly,
 With its berries, red and bright,
 Where the meadow-brook is frozen,
 And the meadow-land is white ;
 And the children of the village
 Are with them full of glee,
 Save the blind boy, who is absent
 In a Christmas reverie.

At the game of " Spin the Trencher,"
 He was quickest at the call ;
 And in " Blindman's Buff," at catching,
 He was master of them all ;
 While, in a fog, at " Stag Hunt,"
 He was foremost in the play,
 Since ever, in the darkness,
 He was sure to find his way.

Now, in a cosy corner
 Of his cottage, by the fire,
 With his face turn'd to the heavens,
 He is sitting with his lyre ;
 And, when his song he singeth,
 No neighbours dare intrude,
 With gossip, o'er the threshold
 Of his happy solitude ;—

For he looketh then so radiant
With his little sightless eyes,
That he seems to be, in spirit,
Away in Paradise—
And wandering with the seraphs,
Where God's own lilies grow
Beside the sea of jasper,
In raiment white as snow.

But, the sweetest of his carols
He chaunteth at the time
When the shepherds heard the angels,
A most delicious rhyme
Of wild Judean mountains,
And rivers of the plain,
As if the winds and waters
Were warbling in his strain.

And then, he sings of Joseph,
And Mary, and her joy,
When first she saw her infant—
The little Hebrew boy ;
And of a holy vision,
The blind can only see,
Like good old Bartimeus
Of blessed memory.

O for the light and glory
On that little blind boy’s face,
As he sings with soul enraptured
His lay of love and grace !
For, like the sons of Beulah,
His countenance doth shine
With the beauty of an angel,
Celestial, and Divine.

Christmas, 1880.

“ YOU’D NOT SERVE DANDA SO.”

Two fiddlers met in merry June,
Their friendly bows to try ;
The fiddle of one was well in tune,
The other a note too high.
“ T’sha,” hiss’d out he that led the way,
“ That is too bad, you know ; ”
The other had not a word to say.
“ You’d not serve Danda so.”

“ Come, give your string another screw,
And try the chords again.”
Both, without any more ado,
Commenced the former strain.

" There, now you're galloping too fast.
Why don't you play more slow ?"
And then, which made him stand aghast,
" You'd not serve Danda so."

Who Danda was, or what it meant,
The question is, you see,
Was it the man who wanted rent
Of Mister Tweedledee ?
Who'er he was, it matters not ;
But this I wish to show :
Old Tweedledum's was very hot.
" You'd not serve Danda so."

Full many a moon has waned since then,
And many a sun has set,
And many a band of fiddling men,
I often must have met ;
But whatsoever I am at,
Or wheresoe'er I go,
This saying evermore comes pat,
" You'd not serve Danda so."

All have their Danda in the round
Of life, a friend, or pet ;
And jealousy is always found
Inclined to fume and fret ;

And if, perchance, you make a slip,
 Which we must often do,
 You're sure to feel this cutting whip,
 "You'd not serve Danda so."

But there's one thing we all should mind,
 As we go on our way,
 To learn the art of being kind,
 And prove it every day ;
 And if we act the friendly part,
 As here and there we go,
 No one will cry out, stung at heart,
 "You'd not serve Danda so."

THE HAPPY MERMAN.

ADDRESSED TO "CHARLIE CANDOUR."

A ROLLYING Johnny o' Dreams,
 I am here in the valley at Score,
 Where the woodlands are wooing the streams,
 Hence this ditty to you, *a la* Moore.

I would I could sing you the joy
 I have felt since I entered the town ;
 You will say, "I believe you my boy,"
 And toss on my letter to Brown.

They may prate, as you write, of Torquay,
Of Scarborough, Brighton, and Rhyl ;
But a "coombe" in North Devon for me,
With the mermaidens under the hill.

To be candid, dear Candour, the girls
That I meet in the meadows by chance,
Are of all bonny maidens the pearls ;
And life is a happy romance.

Already the pet of the dames,
Fan, Florry, Loo, Ada, and Nell,
Shy Patty, and Ruth are my flames,
And Deborah, Dolly, and Bell.

I have Cicely, too, and Celine,
Luce, Tilly, Maria, and Maud,
Eliza, and gay Josephine,
Who always are talking of Claude.

Next Marion, Ella, and Moll,
Sly Gwendoline, Dora, and Kate ;
Rose, Thomasine, Rhoda, and Poll,
And pretty Jemima to mate.

Then Eva, the light of the lane,
With bryony berries and ferns,
Bewitches, and dear Sarah Jane,
And I worship the bunch, *a la* Burns.

But, as the base "Vairmint" of old
 Stole into the fairest of spots,
So here is Xantippe, the scold,
 The plague of poor Zebedee Potts.

That termagant Jezebel, too,
 Well known by the tilt of her nose ;
Don't care about taming a shrew,
 Nor you, Mister C., I suppose.

So sighing for quiet and rest,
 I wandered alone by the sea,
To a cave in this Gem of the West,
 Where a mermaid sat smiling at me.

Sat under the King of the Tors,
 As bright as a gull in the bay,
Or snowdrops when fresh from their "mors,"*
 And sweet as a lily in May.

'Twas rapture and love at first sight ;
 And now by a myrtle in bloom,
With Ilfra to charm and delight,
 I am happy—

THE MERMAN O' 'COOMBE.

Ilfracombe, October 2nd, 1878.

* Devonshire word for "roots."

“THE SWAN OF ISCA.” *

A LOVE-GIFT FROM EXON TO IONA.

“’Tis a far cry to fair Loch Awe,”
 But love o’errides the Highland saw—
 For let an ocean freeze between
 The land where human want is seen,
 Or broad Saharas scorching lie
 Beneath a burning Tropic sky,
 In spite of what the heartless say,
 Sweet Charity will find a way.
 And such a sight my vision sees
 Away in the wild Hebrides,
 Where moving mountains of the deep,
 Round Argyll’s brightest jewel sweep;
 Where seagull, cormorant, and shag,
 And tern and puffin dot the crag,
 With perigrine and guillemot,
 That haunt the legendary spot.
 There when the ragged rack-clouds frown,
 And winter floods are pouring down,
 And homeless winds, by tempest driven,
 Fly shrieking through the vault of heaven;
 The fisher folk their task must ply
 Beneath the black-browed thunder sky,

* A Fisherman’s boat.

And boldly daring, bravely ride
The storm-ridged levin-lighted tide.

With loyal heart and iron nerve,
From duty's path they scorn to swerve,
E'en though a sad prophetic boom
Fills every cabin full of doom ;
But when the hurricanes are slipp'd,
Like sleuth hounds, fierce and fiery-lipp'd,
And mad tornadoes lash the main,
Ah ! what avails their courage then ?

O ! Bourg, Ben More, and Loch-na-kael,
Could mutter many a fearsome tale
Of cries heard in the dark, and then
The coasts thick strewn with drownéd men ;
And Staffa's rock, with Fingal's cave,
Could tell how loud the whirlwinds rave,
And, with a fury's fell delight,
Chase down the fishers in their fright.

And Reileg Ordhrain's stones and turf,
Might speak of wreckage in the surf ;
And mothers' moans and widows' tears,
And maidens over lovers' biers ;
While St. Columba's cell could say
How holy fathers came to pray,
That He, who rules the sea, would keep
The souls upon the raging deep :

Then Jura wail his woeful song,
And Morven the sad strain prolong,
And Mull's high towering mountain, too,
The direful story might pursue ;
And stern Cape Wrath, of dreadful fame,
Tell the black legend of its name,
Till not a woman's cheek were dry,
Or man's keen-sighted eagle eye.

But mercy tempers every woe,
Thus, when the wildest tempests blow.
Our God gives in the hour of need
An opening for the kindly deed ;
And hence, in fair Devon's land,
Is seen a friendly outstretched hand,
As Charity, with radiant smile,
Links Exon to the holy isle.

Our "Swan of Isca," we would make,
More dear than that on Mary's lake ;
An ark of refuge on the sea ;
A timely aid in penury ;
A messenger, by Pity sent,
On heaven's own work of mercy bent :
Love weds the twain, 'tis nobly done,
See Exon and Iona one.

•
FORSAKEN LOVE.

IF one has seen a broken rosebud swing
 The helpless victim of each ruthless wind,
 And watch'd it buffet with the storm unkind
 That toss'd and vex'd it with its wanton wing;—
 Or met a wounded dovelet on his way,
 The pretty fondling of its parents' nest,
 With pensive upturn'd eye and timorous breast,
 And found it sadden some sweet afterlay:—
 He will not look upon a wasted love
 As sport for jesting, or a sight to flout,
 But think 'twere better that life's light were out
 Than one should bear this blessing from above,
 God's crowning passion in the human heart,
 As but an idle thing to die apart.

POETIC PLEASURES.

OF all the moments poets prize,
 None dearer are than those
 In which their maiden-thoughts arise,
 As song unbidden flows ;—
 Then sing they in their spirit-flight
 The lark-notes of their lay,
 And welcome with a pure delight
 The soul's high holiday.

And I have known those happy times,
 Rich seasons of the mind,
 When music with its fairy chimes
 Tuned every passing wind ;
 Life's full flood-tides of ecstasy,
 When joy shone out a star,
 The promise of felicity
 In brighter realms afar.

SONG OF THE EXMOOR HUNT.

THE CHASE OF THE WILD RED DEER.

WRITTEN FOR THAT GRAND OLD VETERAN OF THE FIELD,
 THE REV. JOHN RUSSELL.

HARK ! hark to the horn ! how it rings in the ear,
 Of the Exe and the Barle and the bonny red deer,
 The harbourer's pride with his branches and tines,
 A forest king bearing "his rights" for the "signs,"—
 And Bissett afield on his stout trusty grey,
 The Parson's black nag, and the Dulverton bay :
 For the tufters are hard on their quest in the wood,
 With snuffle and traverse and thirsting for blood,
 When Challenger raises his head, giving tongue,
 As the hazels go crash to the jolly old song,
 "Hark back ! give him play, let him get well away,
 Then off all together at 'Forrard !' Hooray !"

There's a northerly breeze blowing in from the sea,
 And the hunters are merry as merry can be,—
 For the sun has popp'd out from his bed in the cloud
 As the pack is laid on while bold Arthur, aloud,
 Cries "Tighten your girths, they are hard on the spoor,
 Its O for a jolly good run on the Moor."
 Hark together ! Away ! we are off with a bound,
 As the horn its tantivy, tantivy, doth sound,
 For a warranted stag with his brow, bay, and tray,
 Is making for Dunkery Beacon to-day.
 "Hark together ! Away ! Hark together ! Away !
 Hark ! Forrard together ! Hark ! Forrard ! Away ! !"

Just hear how they chirrup ! the running is hot,
 No fear of a fault, they are right on the slot,
 While Russell the lusty old Chief o' the Chase
 Shouts "Swift as a brocket, too, look at his pace,
 A six year old beauty, let's follow the spoor,
 Its O for a jolly good run on the Moor !"
 See ! see, how they swarm ! we are off with a bound,
 And "Bird on the wing" runs as true as a hound,
 As our right royal hart with his brow, bay, and tray
 Makes straight for Black Barrow at Hark ! Hark
 Away !
 "Hark together ! Away ! Hark together ! Away !
 Hark ! Forrard together ! Hark ! Forrard ! Away ! !"

O'er hills, red with heather, combe, forest, and bluff,
 We follow the line and the riding is rough,
 For the "Cry" has been chiming its merriest tunes
 From Dunkery hill to the vale o' the Doones;
 So "Ware bog," the "Bay" makes amends for the
 toil,—

In Badgeworthy Water he's certain to soil,
 Where Russell is sure in the pink o' the sport
 To honour Jack Babbage when sounding the *mort*,—
 And bearing off slot and broad antlers, hooray,
 With "Now then my lads for the next Hark! Away."
 "Hark together! Away! Hark together! Away!
 Hark! Forrard together! Hark! Forrard! Away!!!"

THE STORM.

HARK to the pealing thunder-roll!
 While forks of living light
 Destructive dart from pole to pole
 Athwart the wrathful night.

With terror flashing from her eyes,
 As loud the wild winds moan,
 "God spare me for my babe!" outcries
 The Widow sad and lone.

Straight taken captive by his fear,
Where flooding storm-clouds stream,
The Student turning lifts his ear,
Oblivious of his theme.

Now filled with thoughts of dire remorse,
The Wrecker in his den
Lives o'er his past misdeeds perforce,
And thinks of drownéd men.

While little Innocents abed,
Aroused from happy dreams,
Cling closer, being sore afraid,
And watch for morning-beams.

O Lord ! most terrible art thou,
How solemn is this hour !
The very heavens before Thee bow
And own Thy mighty power.

A PORTRAIT.

I, too, would be a painter, and will try
To paint my Daphne of this pleasant hill.
Calm as a summer lake, when winds are still,
Beams her bright countenance, whose open eye,
And brow uplifted ever to the sky

Speak the observing power and master will,
 Which bid her with rare hues her canvas fill
 And woo dear Nature's secrets with a sigh.
 But, mark her smiles, that do the lips dispart !
 Those rosy guardians of Titania's pearls,
 Love's pretty play-things, when he bribes the heart,
 And stately mien ; and something in her curls,
 A nameless negligence outstripping art :
 Then tell me who's my paragon of girls.

MOUNTAIN LOVE.

THE mountains have a Sabbath of their own,
 Their huge foundations are laid deep in rest ;
 On their calm summits Peace has built her throne,
 And Silence found a solitary nest.

Each mighty, snow-clad, everlasting hill,
 A white-robed priest in act of worship stands :
 With mute devotion all the air is still,
 And Reverence gazes with uplifted hands.

The holy stillness reigning here is thine,
 Fair maiden, perched upon those lofty crags,
 And winds that, passing, chaunt their songs divine
 To cloud-borne seraphs waving silver flags.

But what is it thou seest, mountain maid ?
 Is it the shadow of some wandering kid ?
 Or a young mountaineer, who, half afraid,
 Hath from thy gaze a flitting moment hid ?

It is so, and the home of the sublime
 Is dearer made by the sweet touch of love ;
 Love makes the beautiful in every clime,
 And adds a lustre to the crowns above.

That joy be ever with thee, love's pure joy,
 The bliss that reigned in sinless Paradise,
 And kindles rapture in thy mountain-boy
 When welcomed by the love-light of thine eyes.

TWO SIDES TO A SAYING.

“ NEVER SWOP horses when crossing a stream.”
 Is right to a man who has sense it would seem ;
 But suppose one has nought but a spavin'd old mare,
 And the tide is too strong for the creature to bear,
 And that right in the middle she's fast going down,
 And the rider has got an objection to drown !
 Why he's then a fool, or a middle-wit quite,
 If a better one's near, not to snap at the bite.
 Thus 'tis oft with old saws, as with very old friends ;
 They're twisted, you see, to serve different ends.

DETRACTION.

SEEK not applause nor Fame's caress,
 If thou would'st tread a thornless way,
 For 'tis the fate of all success,
 Detraction's penalty to pay.
 To disappointed sloth and hate,
 E'en excellence becomes a crime,
 And it is idle here to state,
 We know the reptiles by their slime.
 Remembering, too, with certain men,
 'Tis easier to mar than make,—
 Let incapacity complain,
 And from my rhyme this comfort take ;
 The meanest cur that prowls the sod,
 Can soil the statue of a god.

THE JESSAMINE.

Just a glint o' morning sun,
 Just a blink o' summer-blue,
 Had my pretty fragrant one,
 But the tale I'll tell to you.
 In a dark and dingy lane,
 Hedged by walls of murky-brick,

Down below a cobwebb'd pane,
Darkened o'er and dusted thick,
Grew a sickly jessamine,
Grimy-green and sooty-white,
Which, whene'er the sun got in,
Strove to look a little bright.
How I watched the lovely thing !
As it stretched towards the sky,
When its buds began to spring,
And its flowers, too soon to die.
Once when bending o'er the wall,
Listening to the sparrows' glee,
Lo, I spied a blossom small,
Peeping o'er to look at me.
Happy in the transient gleam
Of the sunshine, there it lay,
On the coping, like a dream,
Smiling at the sunny day.
And I thought some fairy hand,
Knowing how I loved the flower,
Had with its enchanting wand
Made it bloom there for an hour.
Oh the worship in mine eyes !
Oh the rapture in my heart !
And a loving sacrifice
Soon was paid it on my part ;

But, alas, a wanton clutch
 Crushed my darling, fair and frail,
 Did I prize my joy too much?
 I have told my simple tale.

TO LUCELIA.

WHEN beauty charms us with her smiles,
 Hard is the heart that will not bend ;
 Fair woman all our woe beguiles,
 And I will be her constant friend ;
 So lady take this pledge of mine,
 A token of the homage due,
 From one who worships at the shrine,
 Where all the virtues welcome you.

YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

THE moon was absent from the sky,
 Nor did the stars appear,
 When Archie, lifting up his eye,
 "How dark 'tis Elfie dear !
 I cannot see a star not one,"
 "Nor pritty mooney, brodder,"
 "I wonder where they all are gone ?"
 "Dey gone to find der modder."

Harborne, January 23rd, 1880.

TO KATIE.

If it were mine the future to command,
I'd have no briny tears thy bright eyes filling,
No sorrow-cloud should darken o'er the land ;
And no disaster thy heart's bloom be killing.

Thy home should be a garden of delights,
Thy walk a sunny path among the daisies ;
Thy haunts, the pleasant vales and wooded heights
Melodious with the larks' and throstles' praises.

Thy skies should glisten with celestial forms,
Like angels through ethereal regions flying ;
And Hope paint rainbows on the passing storms,
And Music sing as down the sun sank dying.

Still if the Poet is a Prophet too,
With clear prevision things to come foretelling,
And like thee, both to Art and Nature true,
Then joy will be the inmate of thy dwelling.

Harborne. January 27th, 1879.



MORTHOE.

A WINDY moorland by the Western sea
 Of evil omen, with a stone of doom,
 On which, too oft, in the tempestuous gloom
 Brave mariners, unweeting where they be,
 Are dashed, alas, to perish hopelessly !
 Yet even here the samphire shows its bloom,
 And the wild thyme and heather, finding room,
 Make a rich honey-harvest for the bee.
 And, sweeter still, kind Hospitality,
 Though rude in manners, plays her gentlest part
 In welcoming the castaway ashore,—
 Till all oblivious of his misery,
 He blesses Heaven, and carries in his heart
 The grand old form of SMITH for evermore.

Morthoe, October, 1878.

 THE SNOWDROP.

HALTING in a lovely spot,
 By a little mossy grot,
 Where the summer shadows slêep,
 And the zephyrs silence keep ;

Gazing on the herbage dun,
There I saw my floral nun,
All in dark-green raiment drest,
With her white veil on her breast.

Pensive, as a pious saint,
In the solemn days of Lent,
Motionless, she stood alone
Like a statue cut in stone.
Never mortal so demure,
Never virgin half so pure,
And a sanctifying grace,
Breathed around the holy place.

CARES.

WE must have cares !
The brightest cornfield yieldeth tares ;
And in our common atmosphere,
The sunniest time hath moving there
Vapours that float upon the air.
Thorns will o'erspread the flowering earth,
And roses give to canker birth ;
And soaring souls must be deprest
Ere they are perfected for rest.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

It was a dark and dreary day
Which seemed a long and lingering dawn,
The earth was wrapped in misty gray,
Save when a little vagrant ray
Flung a brief light o'er wood and lawn.

And drearier the picture grew,
And heavier the leaden gloom,
When, as each hasty minute flew,
Death's signal-cord a sexton drew,
And sent abroad the note of doom.

Yet lightly tripped the passers by,
As if the world was full of joy,
Bright pleasure smiling in each eye ;
E'en Age jogged on without a sigh,
As mirthful as a whistling boy.

Light as a fancy-pinioned thought,
Our Ariel of the sky and cloud,
Leaving the nest his mate had wrought,
Went liting up unharmed, though sought
By slaves of the imbruted crowd.

Then throstles from their neighbouring hills
 Proclaimed the near approach of Spring
 In loud and interchanging trills,
 Mellifluent as July rills
 And merry flutes when quavering.

Thus life goes ever, sun and shade,
 The funeral bell, the jocund song,
 The buds break, and the blossoms fade ;
 Yet love has the arrangement made,
 That Love which doeth nothing wrong.

MY BROAD DOMAINS.

THE fair domains of Art are infinite !
 Beyond the golden shining of the sun,
 Through realms supernal, yielding new delight,
 From universe to universe they run.
 All is not gathered Beauty has to give,
 Still Proteus works with his transforming power,
 Imagination doth for ever live,
 And there are charms unsung in every flower.
 Thus feel I, as His wide-resounding lay
 I hear by th' Almighty master wrought ;
 Then sauntering down some long-forgotten way
 Enriched by jewels which no eye has caught,
 I hear strange melodies around me ringing
 Which long have waited for some poet's singing.

THE PASSING OF THE YEAR 1879.

I WATCHED alone to see the old year die,
 And saw the rack come racing up the West,
 And, woe-bewildered, the pale stars on high
 Leap fitful through the rifts in their unrest.

When lo, would come low melancholy moans
 Of homeless winds, as sorrowful as knells,
 With wandering night-birds' strange unearthly tones,
 And the harsh dissonance of jangled bells.

Then a wild tumult filled the sleeper's brain,
 Where the hoarse howlers with a horrid din,
 Amid their orgies cried with might and main,
 "Ope wide the door and let the New Year in."

Thus was it then, and thus perchance 'twill be,
 As years, like kings, drop dying from their seat,
 Some silent watcher will their passing see,
 While others revel on their winding sheet.

1879-1880.



JANUARY.

A REMONSTRANCE.

STERN Winter, with thy icy heart, avaunt !
 Three moons of bitter frost should be thy share :—
 Thou, like a miser, with penurious care
 In heaping treasure, hast grown grim and gaunt.
 Dost see the snowdrop in her ancient haunt
 Pining for one sweet breath of southern air ?
 And the mute skylark in his sleety lair,
 Whose soul of courage not thy shafts can daunt ?
 If still unmoved, have pity on the old
 Who, starving by their fireless hearthstones, sit
 Peering into the wild white waste of cold,—
 While in the zenith, like a dead man's eye,
 The sun, snow-blind, with spectral lamp unlit
 Pleads, " Get thee gone, or let the famished die."

January 29th, 1879.

FEBRUARY.

How sweet it is to hail the opening year !
 And mark the budding of its early flowers,
 As, in their season, all the tribes appear,
 To bless the moments of our leisure hours !

First comes the snowdrop with its saintly air,
 The mercury next, with blossoms dipped in green,
 And now the hedgerows with white jacks are fair,
 While leafless coltsfoot gilds each sterile scene.

One law of beauty every plant illumes,
 For size and form we here examples see,
 There richer tintings, and more odorous blooms,
 All true to station, order, and degree.

White, gold, and crimson, with an interchange
 Of violet, their several ends pursue ;
 Charm linking charm in one long lovely range,
 From the nut's roselet to the lover's blue.

Harborne, February, 1879.

MARCH.

THE dark days are over, the Winter has gone,
 The voice of the turtle is heard in the land ;
 The brooklet is singing that erst was a stone,
 And Spring, the Enchantress, is waving her wand.

The eyes that were dull, and the hearts that were sad,
 Are bright and aglow with the sunshine again ;
 The little ones shout, and the linnets are glad,
 For the sleet and the blast are away o'er the main.

How cold was the earth, and how silent the sky,
As the mountain lay stiff as a corse in its sheet :
And the sun in his icy pavilion on high,
Glared out, like the dead, in a plague-stricken street.

What a change is abroad ! Hark ! our fellows in woe,
The sparrows are chirping again on the eaves ;
And the throstle aloud in his prison below
Is singing the love-song he learnt in the leaves.

Yes, Winter the stark and the dreary, has gone ;
And, once more, the turtle is heard in the land.
The rivulet sings that was erst but a stone,
For Spring, the Enchantress, is waving her wand.

1879.

APRIL.

How heavenly all ! the violets seem
As if in Eden newly born ;
When Eve woke from her maiden dream
Methinks 'twas such another morn.

The campion eyes the neighbouring sloe
With amorous Spring's first flush of love,
Where wild pinks standing tip-o'-toe,
Companion with the floral dove ;

While clouds bathe in the golden sheen
Of brightest hours the day can make ;
And fond pairs, hedged in walls o' green,
Find long lanes short for sweet love's sake.

Hark ! heard you not that merry shout ?
A revel Nature holdeth there ;
In yonder wood young Life is out
With all her children fresh and fair.

And list the distant village-tower !
'Tis age grown garrulous with joy ;
As pattering like a silvery shower,
Peals usher in a maiden coy—

First smiling here, then weeping there,
To hide the sapphire in her eye,
An arch coquette, with jaunty air
She wins each heart that passes by.

The cuckoo is her bird of song
Since favourite of the year is she ;
And " Welcome, Welcome," all day long,
" My pretty sweetling " singeth he.



MAY.

MAY is here in frock of white ;
 With her floral chrysolite ;
 On the bank the primrose springs,
 And with larks the welkin rings ;
 See there, in the sunny lane !—
 Bless her ! she is come again,
 Hanging, on the spiky thorn,
 Lamps to light the early morn.

Life, and Love, are on the hills ;
 Cowslips wear their spotted frills ;
 Meadow-maids their mottled studs ;
 Daisies nod to yarrow buds ;
 Campions with crimson flush ;
 Violets begin to blush ;
 Speedwell opens, too, her eye ;
 And the king-cup woos the sky.

Here in dainty azure see,
 As in merry mockery
 Of the soft cerulean dome,
 Blue-eyed hyacinth at home ;

Mark the herbage of the dells
Purpled with his faery bells—
Bells, which peal sweet notes of joy,
Heard by every truant boy.

Listen to the chattering pie,—
And the babbling jay's reply !
While the thrush repeats his song,
And the blackbird tunes his tongue.
Hear the chiff-chaff, finch and wren,
Gossiping in yonder glen,
Heedless of the cuckoo's lay,
“ Woods all green, O ! come away.”

Now all lovely things combine
To create a sense divine :
Young grass sweetens much the sight ;
Music gives the ear delight ;
Flowers make sweeter smell and touch ;
And of taste—say who o'ermuch
Beauty's honied lip can praise !
All those sweets bring sweet May-days.



JUNE.

Who that has heard her loud and lusty lay,
And lingering listened with his heart in tune,
And longs not for the maid that makes the hay,
The blue-eyed beauty, rosy-bosom'd June ?

When soft delphiniums rear on lightsome stalks
Their virgin tufts of hyacinthine flowers ;
And bright lupinas beautify our walks
With their rich purples caught from rainbow-showers.

When o'er the arbour wave green willow wands,
Throwing their shadows on dark culverkeys,
While neighbouring, high the bright laburnum stands,
And swings its golden chains with every breeze.

And when the throstle soundeth with his horn
His merry keynote for the matin strain,
As comes the gleam between the night and morn,
Till one vast chorus rings o'er hill and plain,

How sweet to wander at the dawning hour,
All lonely by a pleasant coppice-side !
Or on some crumbling battlemented tower
To hear the feathered songsters in their pride.

Hark ! with a burst, the finches all begin,
An ouzel, now, has joined the forest quire,
And now the blackcap, gushing like a lyn,
Gives forth his lay, all melody and fire.

Anon the lark, saluting, hails the dawn,
And from the meadow leaps into the cloud,
While from the umbrage of a neighbouring lawn,
The cuckoo beats the time in bell-notes loud.

And O, to sit amid the thyme and briar !
And list the runnel gurgling on its way !
And muse, as moved by reverent desire,
The pious traveller halts awhile to pray.

And then to climb the steep and lofty hill,
And scent the odour of the summer gale,
And looking out o'er meadow, moor, and rill
Drink in the quiet of the peaceful vale.

And list the tinkle of the labour bell,
And bellowing horn, made resonant by steam ;
Then homeward wend by some sequestered dell,
And feast for ever on the lovely dream.



JULY.

SUMMER on the mountain,
 Summer on the plain ;
Summer, jocund summer,
 Cometh once again ;
With her eyes of sapphire,
 And her cheeks aglow,
Buxom as her sisters
 Ages long ago.

Summer in the woodland,
 Summer on the moor,
Peeping were the lilac
 Shades the cotter's door ;
Warbling in the welkin,
 Singing in the trees,
Breathing dainty odours
 On the gentle breeze.

Summer, when all bright things
 Merry-making meet,
When the meadow-meaders
 Make the valleys sweet ;
Summer, where the wind-rows
 Rustle in the sun ;
Summer, where the children,
 Blossom-laden, run.

Summer, with her fern-fronds
Feathering the lane ;
Lighting up the gold-cup,
Burnishing the vane ;
Tinting all the landscape
With her richest green ;
Making earth a palace
Worthy of a queen.

Summer in the garden,
Where the lily blows,
And the golden beetle
Nestles in the rose.
Summer, where the barkers
Strip their oaken wands ;
Summer by the sea-side,
Summer on the sands.

Summer in old England,
When in cowslip vales,
At the sound of "cuckoo,"
Lovers tell their tales.
Summer, when the church-bells
Ring their sweetest chime ;
Summer in my love's heart,—
Happy summer time !

AUGUST.

THERE'S a mist o'er the meadow-land, mountain, and
stream,

Young Morning has not yet awoke from her dream ;
Mute Poesy muses in peace by the mill,
And the trees are but shadowy clouds on the hill.

How rich the delight ! there's a charm in the time,
The honey's aroma is sweet in the lime ;
And a fairy like music, most welcome to me,
For a harper's abroad in the merry brown bee.

What a hush ! for a season, e'en labour is still,
And nothing is heard but the tink of a rill,
Or the sparrow's sharp chirp, as it strikes on the ear,
And the clarion challenge of bold chanticleer.

Alone I am monarch and lord of the sky !
The bird is my piper ; my hall is on high ;
And the landscape, that stretches away to the blue,
Is mine, by my birthright, with rapture to view.

In Barlow's Road, Harborne, 1878.



SEPTEMBER.

How sweet the waking of the Harvest morn !
The sun's first look out o'er the eastern hill,
The smiles that sparkle on each dewy thorn,
And soft September airs when clouds are still.

What bliss, then, seated on some upland stile,
To hear the watchful scarecrow's " Hal-le-loo !"
As his sharp sounding racket rings the while
To fright away the little pilfering crew.

As up and up the bright sun rolls afar,
Hill after hill comes peeping from the west ;
While, now and then, a church-vane, like a star,
Gleams through the mist from some commanding
crest.

How tranquil, too, the cattle look below,
Reclining on their couches in the vale,
Or cropping the sweet herbage as they go
With just a quiet flinking of the tail.

Tis peaceful all, and if a sound is heard,
It but intensifies the lovely charm ;
As when the shrill song of our gallant bird
Breaks through the silence of an English farm.

Or when the starling's witching whistle steals
 Mellifluous upon the listening ear,
 Or playing on his castanets, appeals
 For silence to some chirping robin near.

At such an hour the soul is wrapt in praise,
 As with a garment ; and amid the calm
 Her song of thankfulness she, too, will raise,
 And fill the silence with a holy psalm.

The Hilly Fields, Harborne,
 September 6th, 1878.

OCTOBER.

IN MEMORY OF C. H. C.

THE wind is blowing winterley,
 The water-willow sighs,
 And fitfully along the grove ;
 The yellow leafage flies.

The sun, as if in sympathy,
 Seems halting in the race,
 As in the east the rounding moon,
 Half hides her pensive face.

Now trampling on the crumpled leaves,
 That spottles all the road,
 Slow pacing to a new-made grave,
 Four neighbours bear a load.

While all around as solemnly,
They near the final bourn ;
In plaintive accents tenderly,
The bell is heard to mourn.

A gentle craftsman, like the bee,
He lived among the flowers ;
So let him slumber peacefully,
Among our pleasant bowers.

The desert blossomed like the rose,
If he but touched the land,
And Paradise as in the prime,
Was seen on every hand.

Receive him kindly to thy breast,
O Earth for old love's sake,
For when alive thy beauties he
More beautiful did make.

Harborne, October 28th. 1879.



NOVEMBER.

WINTER TOKENS.

WRITTEN FOR MY OLD FRIEND, HARRISON WEIR.

WHEN the stormcock blows his whistle,
 And the tomtit files his saw,
 And the robin pipes his treble,
 And the rook flies with the daw,
 And the cricket tunes his fiddle
 To the kettle's merry song,
 And the sleety blast is driving
 The poor beggar-boy along ;
 When the sea-coal fire burns brightest
 And the kittens loudest purr,
 And no music to the sportsman
 Beats the pheasant's sudden whirr ;

When the cowherd sets his springles
 By the runnel and the mere,
 And the starlings seek the plashets
 At the belling of the deer ;
 When the throstle in the coppice
 Cracks his snails upon the stone,
 And the carrion-crow sits telling
 His doleful tale alone,
 While young colly* in the thicket
 Tries his notes o'er for the Spring,

* The Blackbird.

And the wild geese, flying V-like,
Speed swifter on the wing :

When the wild colt on the moorland
A thicker jacket wears,
And the woodman to his cottage
His biggest faggot bears ;
When the thatcher beats his smocket
As the cutting "easter" blows,
And the postman wears the purple
On his winter-bitten nose ;
And the old tup by the hedgerow
Sets his back against the wind,
A sure token that the tempest
Is only just behind :

When the flails make merry music
To the urchins out of school,
And the old men seek the settle
While the maidens card the wool ;
When fair Nelly from the forest
Calls the acorn-hunting swine,
With her cheery "Chuggy, chuggy,"
In the glow at even-chime,
And old gossips croon their stories
As they knit around the fires,
And wee Jenny Wrens a-peeping
See the poachers set their wires :

When Hodge, the weary plough-boy,
Snores, with heavy head awry,
As Roger plays the sweetheart
To prim Polly, rushing by,
While "Pedler Joe" laughs, spilling
The cider in his mirth,
O'er Shep the farm-dog, dozing
And dreaming on the hearth,
And the goodwife rocks the cradle
Till the master's voice is heard—
"To bed, boys," as "Tuwhit, Tuwhoo,"
Hoots sage Minerva's bird :

When the black storms shake their mantles
O'er the leaf-forsaken trees,
And the snipe comes with the woodcock
And the culvers seek the leas,
And the little lads are busy
Making ready for the fray,
With their cannon, logs, and crackers,
For great "Guy Fawkes his day"—
While piles of blazing bonfires
And spiteful, hissing toys,
As serpents, squibs, and rockets,
Please large and lesser boys ;

When the skylarks flock together
And the linnets crowding sing,

And the children, 'mid the heather,
 Their red rose berries string :—
 Then, the fruits all safely hoarded,
 Lo, the farmer waits for morn,
 With a shout for bleak November
 And the merry hunter's horn,
 While the dormouse and the squirrel,
 Curling cosy in their nest,
 Tell of merry Christmas coming
 And a weary earth at rest.

 DECEMBER.

THE BLESSED CHRISTMAS TIME.

HARK ! to the merry making-chimes,
 There is a blessing in the sound,
 Bequeath'd us by the good old times,
 So let their greeting pass around.
 " A merry Christmas to you, friend,
 Hang holly' berries on your wall,
 A sign the holy angels send,
 God's peace and comfort unto all."

That's right, ye ringers, pull away
 Until the hollow belfry rings ;
 Each bell is wild with joy to-day,
 As to and fro it loudly sings—

“ Christ’s blessing be upon the poor,
Ye rich your wealth to you is given,
Give, and be blesséd evermore :
There is no poverty in Heaven.”

The very air is sweet with love,
As if bright seraphs on the wing,
Fresh from their fragrant homes above,
O’er the white earth were hovering,
And on its sordid, selfish race
Were breathing a celestial spell,
And calling up the glow and grace
Our nature wore ere Adam fell.

There is no need for broken hearts,
No need that any starving die,
If merchants driving to their marts
Would look around with Christ-like eye,
Would dry the lonely widows’ tears,
Would help the helpless in their woe,
Make one long Christmas of their years,
And so begin their Heaven below.

Ring louder, and yet louder ring
Your happy bells, ye merry men,
More play, and let them wider swing,
Hard hearts are growing soft again.

Old Mammon totters on his throne,
The golden bands that held him there
Are melting—let him fall alone—
God's love is reigning everywhere.

A smile is seen on Famine's cheek,
A joyous gleam in blinded eyes ;
The deaf and dumb both hear and speak,
And songs are heard instead of sighs.
Ring louder, and yet louder ring,
There 's Heaven's own music in the strain ;
Oh that the world would ever sing—
Glory to God, goodwill to men.





SHADOWS.



“The flowers live by the tears that fall
From the sad face of the skies ;
And life would have no joys at all
Were there no watery eyes.”

Love thou thy sorrow ; grief shall bring
Its own excuse in after years ;
The rainbow ! see how fair a thing
God hath built up of tears.

HENRY SUTTON.



SHALL WE EVER MEET AGAIN ?

A DUET SET TO MUSIC BY T. MURBY.

“ SHALL we ever meet again
 In the woodland by the sea ?
Will the moment bringing pain,
To the heart and to the brain,
 Come again to thee and me ?
Shall we hear again the moaning
 Of the ocean to the shore ?
Like the passionate intoning
 Of a devotee, Lenore,—
Shall we ever meet again ?
 Ah me ! that joy should borrow
A thorn to wound the heart
 From the pale red-rose of sorrow !
Adieu ! for we must part.”

“ We may never meet again
 In the woodland by the sea,

But the song, with the refrain,
Which we sang beside the main,
 Will be ever dear to me.
There is no sun that shineth
 But hath its spot of shade,
The brightest day declineth,
 And sweetest blossoms fade,
We may never meet again.
 Ah me! that love should borrow
A thorn to wound the heart
 From the pale red-rose of sorrow!
Adieu! for we must part."

Published by T. Murby, 32, Bouverie Street, London.

THE SUMMERS LONG AGO.

SONG.

OH for those merry, merry times,
 When England's pleasant vales
Were musical with May-morn chimes
 And songs of nightingales!
When kingcups smiled through early dew
 And daisies loved to blow,
The sweet and sunny times we knew
 In summers long ago.

Oh wearisome and dreary days,
Oh cold and blighting air !
Where are the olden roundelays
That lightened half our care ?
The cuckoo is a silent bird,
To sing the lark is slow,
Oh for the warbling that we heard
In summers long ago !

The youth forsakes the trysting stile ;
The maid forgets her vow ;
And minstrels pine to see the smile
That Nature lacketh now.
Are love and song to die ? Alas !
Shine, sun, with golden glow,
And give the glory, as we pass,
Of summers long ago !

IN SOLITUDE.

SONG.

'Tis the weary West wind sighing
In the lonely willow-tree,
Willow bare, whose leaves are lying,
Where benighted curlews flying,
Wail most wistfully.

Sweet the melancholy moan
Of its murmuring undertone,
Lingering in that tree so lone,
Sad as it may be.

'Tis the weary West wind sighing
In the lonely willow-tree,
Willow bare, whose leaves are lying,
Where benighted curlews flying,
Wail most wistfully.

Making melody for Sorrow
In her solitary hour,
Who a charm will often borrow
For the anguish of the morrow,
From a simple flower ;
Sigh, O sigh, thou Western wind,
Solace of the lonely mind,
Fellowship in thee I find,
Spirit-soothing power.

'Tis the weary West wind sighing
In the lonely willow tree,
Willow bare, whose leaves are lying,
Where benighted curlews flying,
Wail most wistfully.



OUT OF THE DEPTHS.*

SONG.

DEDICATED TO SAMUEL PLIMSOLL, ESQ., M.P., AND SET
TO MUSIC BY A. SCOTT GATTY.

It was the seaman's parting morn,
Our white wing'd craft flew o'er the bay—
"Farewell" had spoke the skipper's horn
To those who on the shore will stay—
And watch the less'ning vessel die,
And weeping sob the last "Good bye."

When lo! a cloud upon the line
That bounds the hardy sailor's view,
The meeting of the sky and brine,
A cloud that leadens all the blue,
Till, "Storm ahead! reef every sail"
Is heard aloud, "A gale! a gale!"

With deadly sweep throughout the deep,
The wild rack rushes on,
And brave old tars, with tempest scars,
Look sadly woe begone,
For 'mid the storm's loud roar and din
The sea is madly rushing in.

* Published by Boosey and Co., 295, Regent Street, W.

"A leak ! a leak !" the pumps are mann'd,
 And hoping on against despair,
 We toil away, a gallant band,
 Until is heard the hurried pray'r
 As suddenly the ship goes down,
 A coffin only made to drown !

Out of the depths arose a cry !
 A wail that smote the Nation's ears,
 Until the land heav'd with a sigh,
 And strong men weeping bitter tears,
 Broke forth at length, "O Lord how long ?"
 And crush'd the foul and deadly wrong.

I WOULD I HAD SOMEONE TO LOVE.

SONG.

OH had I a heart I could prize !
 I feel I am shorn of a wing ;
 I envy the clouds in the skies
 As the larks' soar towards them and sing.
 The shore is the bride of the sea ;
 The hawk has his mate, and the dove ;
 No lonely one happy can be ;
 I would I had someone to love !

Oh had I a hand I could press !
An ear that would list to my tale ;
A bosom to share my distress,
But wishing will nothing avail.
I yearn for a life with my kind,
As the stars woo the planets above ;
Each heart for a heart was designed ;
I would I had someone to love.

December 17th, 1870.

THE TWO PRIMROSES.

Two little fair and fragrant flowers
With petals holding golden hearts ;
A present from my western bowers,
But tell me why the tear-drop starts.

They are no pale and sickly things
Half suffocated with the mirk,
But healthy as our English springs
Whose zephyrs kiss the tasselled birk.

The lovely tint each floweret bears
Has nothing like it here below ;
To me, the blossom ever wears
The tinge of Heaven's divinest glow.

O tell me not how manifold
The pleasures are that wealth can bring,
A flower to me is more than gold,
And ever has a song to sing.

And could you hear the tender words
These simple flowers are chaunting now,
Sweet pretty plaintive under-chords
That give a throbbing to the brow ;

They'd tell you that a little grave
Was all the garden that they knew,
And that by yonder Western-wave
Fanned by the purest airs they grew ;

And how a gentle maid had sought
And found them where the runnels play,
And from their native haunts had brought
The nurslings in her love away ;

And with a soft and tremulous hand
Had planted them upon the nest,
Of one flown to that far off land
Where God's dear dovelings sweetly rest.

O world so black with foul disgrace !
So cold, unfeeling and unkind,
Know, where a flower can find a place,
Sweet love will not be far behind ;

And when we mourn our lost apart,
 To bring the dead and living near,
 'Twill try with a magician's art
 A primrose with a hidden tear.

WINIFRED.

“BLUE-BELLS and Robins' eyes,”
 Who cries, who cries,
 “Blue-bells and Robins' eyes?”
 A little maid with yellow hair,
 Peeping through a lattice pane,
 Rosy cheeked and free of care,
 Up the village lane.

“Poppy and pimpernel
 Sort well, dames tell.”
 “Poppy and pimpernel,”—
 Sang a maiden half asleep,
 Woe-begone, and spirit torn,—
 “Pimpernel, in pity weep ;
 Poppy, lull till morn.”

“Boyslove is maiden's woe.”
 Who sighs, Ho ! Ho !
 “Boyslove is maiden's woe ?”

A damsel in the morning grey,
 In simple cottagers' attire,
 To a laddie in the May
 By a fragrant briar.

“Heartsease and white rose,”

Death comes, eyes close,

“Heartsease and white rose.”

In her grave the maid doth rest ;
 Broken is her heart of love ;
 The cold, cold clay upon her breast,
 Evergreens above.

A DIRGE.

A BALLAD OF THE SEVERN.

“SWEET Severn's banks are broad and fair,
 And fair the Severn's tide.

Sweet Severn's banks are broad and fair,
 But I am almost in despair ;
 So, Willie, Willie, O beware,
 And shun the Severn's side.

To day in yonder westering sun

I saw the dead man's eye,

To day in yonder westering sun—

The cold, blind, doom-foreboding sun.
Now, mark those clouds, weird, dense, and dun ;
There's evil in the sky."

On Severn's banks all broad and fair
Are gathered Severn's pride.
On Severn's banks so broad and fair,
In sunny groupings here and there,
Meet many a young and joyous pair,
At pleasant eventide.

And in and out, and round about
Love-link'd with winsome glance ;
All in and out, and round about,
Like sunbeams darting through the rout,
With many a merry bound and shout,
The happy couples dance.

When lo, a maiden's scream and splash
Beside a golden willow !
O fearful scream ! O fatal splash !
Again, O wild and headlong dash,
For true love counteth nothing rash ;
He buffets with the billow !

" O Willie ! " Nothing more spake *she*,
On rolled the Severn's wave,
So bright, so calm, so peacefully,

So bright, so calm, so peacefully,
 And swift, that if aught uttered *he*,
 'Twas spoken in their grave.

Sweet Severn's banks are broad and fair,
 But, O its placid tide !
 That placid tide so deep and fair,
 For, wild with sorrow and despair,
 Two mothers, with their tear-steeped hair,
 Are wailing by its side.

“ My Kattern ! O this woeful scene !
 In one short moment gone !
 My darling, sixteen summers green ! ”
 “ I saw the dead man's eye yestreen. ”
 “ Just sixteen sunny summers green ! ”
 “ My Willie ! O my son ! ”

Peace ! let them rest, young love with love,
 Beneath the golden willow ;
 Peace ! let them rest, dead dove with dove,
 For, if our sweetest dream be love,
 In life, in death, below, above,
 What matters it the pillow ?

March 30th, 1869.



SUMMER SNOW.

O ! WONDROUS scene !

A moment since and all was green ;
 Green leaves and grass, fresh fern and moss,
 Save where outshone a golden boss
 Of furze or broom, whose sunny light
 Hides now beneath a veil of white.

How very strange

This beautiful and sudden change !
 The sun at summer-noon hath fled ;
 The flowers have found a wintry bed ;
 Yes, e'en the hawthorn's fragrant snow
 Has vanished for awhile below.

But oh, the peace

That reigns around ! The throstles cease
 Their music in th' umbrageous wood,
 And larks, whose late melodious flood
 Of love and rapture fired the breast,
 Sit mute within their meadow-nest.

'Tis passing sweet,

This restful silence, so replete
 With holy lessons, as the small
 And fragile crystals gently fall,
 And softer than the swan's-down lie,
 Or lid upon a seraph's eye.

What does it teach ?
 The lovely scene doth ever preach
 Of purity, to age and youth ;
 And this sweet soul-consoling truth,
 That e'en our sins, that crimson show,
 Our God can whiter make than snow.

THE UNSEEN HAND.

A TREE that graced the western height
 Which bound the fading view,
 Had caught the coming of the night
 With its funereal hue.

The dying day was breathing low ;
 The moon stood watching by ;
 A pallor tinged the afterglow ;
 The south-wind was a sigh.

And thought went wandering where the waves
 Crept up a windy shore,
 Hard by a row of little graves,
 Which I may see no more.
 When lo, a soft and tiny hand
 My fingers did entwine ;
 Yet, strange, around the sombre land
 There was no form but mine.

A SIGH FOR SPRING.

SONG.

HARK ! how weirdly sounds the wind
 In the woodlands sighing !
 And the whinneying o' the hind
 As the day is dying.
 Heaven is but a watery waste ;
 Earth a desert dreary ;
 Hither Spring, and prithee, haste,
 Come, for I am weary.

Pledges sweet of brighter days
 Are thy mornings vernal ;
 Ante-pasts of love and praise
 In the land supernal :
 Winter has a hoary pate,
 And a visage eerie ;
 Friend of the disconsolate,
 Come, for I am weary.

O ! to see thy face again,
 And thy steps to follow—
 Up the hill, and o'er the plain,
 And through hawthorn-hollow !
 Listening to thy well-known voice,
 Ringing loud and cheery ;
 " Mortals sigh not, but rejoice,
 Weep no more a-weary."

A SONG OF LONG AGO.

It is a song of long ago,
 I heard a maiden sing ;
 And as she sang her tears did flow,
 As from a purling spring :
 Its burden was the old, old tale,
 Of one who sat and mourn'd,
 As plaintive as an autumn gale,
 Of passion unreturned ;
 And though full many a year had fled
 Since then of joy and woe,
 Yet still she crooned, while tears were shed,
 That song of long ago.

" O why did gracious Heaven decree
 The heart to suffer bane,
 And poison life's felicity
 With love that will not wane ?
 From dawn until the day doth close
 No light of joy I see,
 Each Summer brings a canker-rose,
 The only bloom for me :
 I loved ; he did not love again,
 O ! why this cup of woe ? "
 Alas ! the bitter barren strain,
 That song of long ago.

Her mother's fairest flower was she,
Her father's pride and joy,
And comely, brave, and good was he
Who did her peace destroy :
He loved another, but his fate
Was to be chid and spurned,
Nor did he seek another mate,
Though one towards him yearned.
O ye who know the bliss of those
Whose lives with love o'erflow,
Sing, when ye meet love's blighted rose,
This song of long ago.

June 18th, 1880.

THE MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

SONG.

ALL night, the wild tumultuous main
With loud and angry roar,
Had strove to dash the bark, in vain,
On Baggy's deadly shore ;
But at the breaking of the day,
She rode triumphant in the bay.

As midships the bold skipper stood,
And the mad breakers eyed,

Which leapt like furies o'er the flood,
He slapp'd the good ship's side,
And swore, by all he held most dear,
With her he nothing had to fear.

He was the foremost in the prow
Upon her gala day,
When the fair figure on her bow
First kiss'd the briny spray,
And his brave heart with pride beat high,
As like a bird he felt her fly.

“ Hurrah ! hurrah ! she rides it well ; ”
The sturdy landmen sing,
While plunging in the seething swell
They mark her labouring ;
And as by Morte she ploughs her way,
“ Heaven send her safe,” the watchers pray.

Another night, a starless sky,
A levin-lighted sea,
And near the dawn a crash and cry,
The good ship, where is she ?
The waif-strewn beach is white with foam,
Where anxious waiters early roam.

When glistening in the bladder-wrack,
Just thrown on Northam's strand,
They saw, with many a star and crack,
A bottle on the sand,—

Which a young fisher-lad, for play,
Kick'd thoughtlessly along his way.

“Hold hard my boy,” an old man cried,
A weather-beaten tar,
As he a tiny scroll espied
Beside a stranded spar,
While a young maiden, flushed with fear,
Stood half in dread the news to hear.

Then turning to the girl said he
“‘For Polly, with my love,’
It is a message from the sea,
Which sad to thee will prove,
And thus it reads, ‘Just going down,
Brig, Betsy, Captain, Caleb Brown,’”

When she beside the seething bay,
Dropt dead upon the shore ;
And now a phantom haunts for aye
The sands of Appledore,
Which mariners oft see in white,
And sigh “Poor Polly walks to night.”



THE MOURNER.

Down westward on a windy hill
 A lonely weeper stands,
 While burning tears, that sad-eyes fill,
 Drop on her folded hands ;

For the small hillock at her feet,
 Holds evermore the gem
 Of all affection held complete—
 In life's fair diadem.

Alas ! that the destroyer, Time,
 Such ruthless haste should make
 To eat the stone and graven rhyme,
 Made hallowed for *her* sake ;

And hence the mourner, bending there,
 Like one in form to pray,
 Attempts the ruin to repair,
 Ere she pursues her way.

O ! sore and weary must her heart
 Be in the silence now,
 As sighing on that spot apart
 She weeps with throbbing brow—

Beside the monument fond care
Had placed above *her* head,
Half razed by Desolation's share
To make *her* doubly dead.

But let us plant anew the flowers,
Where dock and darnel grow,
Such acts make sweet life's bitter hours,
And steal away our woe.

Harborne, October 22nd, 1879.

ON ISCA'S BANK.

SONG.

“ON Isca's bank the grass is green,
And there the fairest flower is seen ;
By Isca's stream there sings a bird,
A sweeter never branches stirred ;
Bloom flower, sing merry bird in tree,
My Lilibell is all to me.”

On Isca's bank a wail is heard ;
By Isca's stream there pipes no bird ;
The snow is lying on the hill,
And there alone one lingers still,
Ah welladay ! sing welladay !
Sweet Lilibell has passed away.

THE BLACK COUNTRY RAGGED FEAST.

YE who see in want a foe,
 Ye who weep o'er others' woe,
 Seeking early, seeking late,
 How to bless an evil fate,
 Know how good it is to see
 Something of Humanity ;
 This I saw at Kinverdale,
 Listen to my truthful tale.

Once upon a summer day
 Charity was heard to say,
 " Pleasant is this home of ours,
 Sweet the fields, the woods, and flowers,
 But the whole would brighter seem
 Did I realise my dream ;"
 So she asked the ragged band
 To enjoy her sunny land.

From the slag and from the slime,
 From the gutter and the grime,
 Hard of heart, with rude rebuffs,
 Curses, kicks, and savage cuffs ;
 Out from Squalor's reeking hut,
 Factory, forge, and stagnant " cut,"
 Stretching through long wastes of spoil,
 Heaped by human ants of toil :

On they came, mute, halt and lame,
Odd, droll things without a name,
Save Nipperkin—a word for small,
Which seemed to serve them one and all.
Some too very gaunt and thin,
Foul without and black within,
Ghostly, grim, and hollow of cheek,
Blind and barefoot, weary and weak.

Natives of our English land,
There they were—an outcast band,
Come from dingy dens of crime,
Little old folk before their time ;
And, oh ! 'twas a sad sight to see
Such tiny wrecks of misery,
Little six years led by seven,
Getting their first glimpse of heaven.

Some with ears that never heard
Music from a forest bird,
Little cheeks that never smiled,
So imbruted was the child ;
Eyes that never skyward glanced,
Little feet that never danced,
Little hands ne'er raised in prayer,
Little hearts o'erfull of care.

Little mites of waifs and strays,
With their strange unchildish ways,
Nestled in the lap of sin,
Criminals their only kin ;
Stunted things from grimy deeps,
Where the gorgon Danger keeps,
And black Horror often stands,
Terror-struck, with lifted hands.

Little maidens, too, were there,
Little pale things—famine-fair ;
Souls like little blighted flowers,
Yet as dear to God as ours ;
And I asked, as there I stood,
In a half-complaining mood,
As the frail things toddled by,
“ If they perish, why not I ? ”

Living thus from day to day,
Knowing nought of healthful play,
Bred in regions dense with glooms,
Poisoned by hot furnace-fumes,
Where Destruction's teeth are seen
Eating up each blade of green,
And the only skies they view
Wear a red or murky hue ;

Blind to every virtuous deed,
None to teach them, none to lead,
Ignorant of the world above,
Strangers to that sweet word—love :
Who can marvel that they try
Which can cheat the most and lie ?
And since hunger must be fed
Sometimes steal a crust of bread ?

God be thanked for hands to guide,
Hearts whose duty is their pride,
And the blessed Sabbath-break,
Hallowing the weary week ;
For amid the slough and slime
Ringing with the holy chime,
Voices now are heard to say,
“ Hither is the better way.”

Blessings be upon your deed,
Ye who help the sons of need,
Visiting from door to door,
Seeking out the little poor.
This the Heavenly Master did,
Children to His presence bid ;
“ Those who do the same,” saith He,
“ Will have done it unto Me.”

THE GRAVE ON THE HILL.

WE stood beside a little grave,
 Wrapt in a robe of white,
 And where the horse-hoofed chestnuts wave,
 A minstrel met our sight.
 When listening with attentive ear,
 Just like a plaintive song,
 And tender as a mother's tear,
 Thus spoke his pleading tongue :

“Say shall these pretty dovelings lie
 All lonely in their nest,
 Without a tear, without a sigh,
 Forsaken and unblest ?
 Good strangers for the love of those
 Who laid their darlings here,
 I pray you spare a young year's rose,
 Or Flora's frozen tear.”

He pleaded so, that ere we left
 That grave upon the hill,
 For love of those poor hearts bereft
 A white winged daffodil,
 A tiny drop of living snow—
 We on the hillock laid,
 And to the sleeping babes below
 Our reverent homage paid.

February 22nd, 1877.

A MAY-SHADOW.

A COTTAGE in a winding lane,
 Reed-roofed and clasped with jessamine ;
 A face seen through a window-pane
 With charms that any lad would win.

A pair of eyes, as sapphire blue ;
 A rivulet of golden hair ;
 Cheeks shaming e'en the rose's hue ;
 Fresh vermeil lips of beauty rare.

A morning in the month of May ;
 A laddie standing at the gate ;
 A look, but not a word to say ;
 A sigh from one without a mate.

A little chamber, hawthorn sweet ;
 A head low resting on a hand ;
 Slow pacing of two dainty feet ;
 A vacant stare out on the land.

A tiny drop of liquid pearl ;
 A joy gone nothing can restore ;
 The funeral of a village girl ;
 A grave, and peace for evermore.

TO MY SON ON THE LOSS OF HIS LITTLE
DAUGHTER MILLY.*

Son of mine ! to see thee weep,
Opes a wound I dreamt had healed,
And the woe I thought asleep,
Wakes, and will not be concealed,

For again among the dead,
I am called to take my place ;
By your little darling's bed ;
Milly, pretty babe o' grace.

Lay her in her little nest,
And let this thy comfort be,
What the Father does is best :
Time has taught this truth to me.

Who can tell the evil she
Might have suffered and have seen ?
No prevision, son, have we,
And life is as it hath been.

Meeting means but parting here ;
Parting meeting far above ;
Plant the willow, drop the tear,
But remember God is Love.

* Died August 31st, 1875, and buried in Saltley Churchyard,
Warwickshire.

THE PILOT'S STORY.

You ask for the "City of London," sir :—
 Do you see that tug there ?—that is her !
 And Kingston—the master, I am the man,
 And you want me to speak of the wreck, as I can ?

I've little to say, sir, yet what I know
 Of the "Northfleet's" loss and that night of woe,
 I will give to you in my own rough way,
 Though sailors can *do* much better than *say*.

We had just brought up where the pilots lie,
 As the stinging sleet went driving by ;
 And hard after that came a hazy rain ;
 The stars had been out, but were in again ;

When we saw a big blaze off Dungeness,
 A look—and we knew that it meant distress.
 "Up with the anchor, my lads," cried I,
 As a shower of rockets burst in the sky.

And steering away where the fires burn'd blue,
 The luckless vessel soon hove in view,
 As her riding-light in the foremast shroud
 Was sinking, so "Ship ahoy !" aloud

I shouted : I saw she was going down,
And knew that many a one must drown,
For souls by hundreds were struggling there
In all the agony of despair.

In less than the time I've been talking to you
We were all among them. Says I to my crew,
" For God's sake, into the boat ! be brave,
And see how many, lads, you can save."

For a moment I lost my head and legs,
Since they crowded around me as thick as eggs.
" Hold hard ! " I thunder'd, " and let her drive,"
For the sea with the drowning was all alive.

Well, we pick'd up thirty-four ; but hold—
No, thirty-eight, if the truth be told ;
For their boat that was sinking beneath my view
Had four of my own good sturdy crew.

That poor little thing, the Cap'n's wife,—
I'm happy to say I sav'd her life,
And huddled her into my berth below :
Says she, " Is my husband alive or no ? "

I answer'd, with look as hard as steel,
" Gone off in a lugger, and safe at Deal."
May God forgive me for telling the lie,
But what could I say ? so that said I.

And then she pray'd as a woman, sir, will,
That I through the night would keep a watch still ;
I promis'd, and did, though a mad chopping sea
Oft threatened to make a shark's meal o' me.

And what did we see at the peep o' the day ?
The three mast-tops sticking up in the bay,—
When we very soon made us a hasty flight,
To save the poor wretches the pain of the sight.

To finish my tale, and to cut it short,
We put on all steam and got into port :
“ Is the Cap'n all right ? ” and the answer came,
“ No ”—

That was a regular knock-down blow.

I blubbered just like a silly child,
For the poor little young thing I knew was wild.
“ You are wanted,” someone said, “ below ;
The skipper's wife ”—but I dare not go.

For she, poor broken-hearted soul,
Her sorrow was quite beyond control ;
She would neither bite a bit nor sup,
Though I got some tea and made her a cup,—

Made her a cup with these very same hands.
Ay, a loss like o' that, sir, who understands ?
But if ever again we meet together,
I hope it will be in better weather.

You've heard what the bos'n and Pilcher said,
 And seen how Jack Stanley went off to their aid,
 When the Spaniards who sank them had left them
 to die,
 With never a speck of a star in the sky.

Curse the pirates ! I say ; and, egad !
 If I'd got them here, I'd hang them, my lad ;
 I'd string them all up from stern to stem,
 And make a jolly quick end o' them.

Hear poor Cap'n Knowles—pray pardon the tear—
 “ Save the women and children : *my* duty is here.”
 “ A Briton,” you say : you'd have done the same :
 It is easy to die if you are but game.

Good skippers think nought of themselves, sir,
 when
 They're sinking with children, women and men ;
 And the “ Northfleet's ”—God bless him for losing
 his life—
 Had only been married six weeks to his wife.

'T is well for the hulk that the coast was clear,
 And no British thunderer chanced to be near,
 Or a shot would have made her move more slow,
 And sent her down to her place below.

I mean the "Murillo"!—the murderous fox,
She thought to get off, but she's safe in the docks,
Our seadogs have just haul'd her in from the main
With the blood on her bows, like the brand upon
Cain.

I'm ashamed, I say, sir, to pipe my eye,
But the heavens were rent with their drowning cry ;
And English sailors, though rough we may be,
Have the old true stuff of humanity.

I have little to tell, as I said before ;
I have done a man's duty, and nothing more ;
The help that we lent them, alas ! was small,
But I would to God we had sav'd them all.

LOVE IN SHADOW.

PEACE, weary heart, forget to love ;
Hope, plume no more thy silken wings ;
My passion, like a widow'd dove,
In solitary places sings :
The brightest visions of the soul,
The warmest raptures of delight,
And joys unfettered by control,
Must vanish in the shades of night.

Bid not again the roses bloom,
 Which shed their odour on my way ;
 Let not the sun my path illumine,
 Nor forest songsters charm the day :
 The soul that has no living power
 To move a human heart should dwell
 Forgotten, like a withered flower,
 And silent as a shattered bell.

Oh, cherish not the olden dreams !
 The past is fled, and memory
 Is like the moon whose fitful gleams
 Fall on a dark and troubled sea ;
 Chant not again the gladsome lays
 That made my young emotions move :
 I sigh not for departed days,
 And am too weary now for love.

HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.

HOLLY and mistletoe,
 Coral and pearl,
 Set in rich emerald,
 Bought for my girl—
 Bought for my pretty one,
 Oh ! how her eyes,
 Joyous with sparkles,
 Will flash with surprise !

Holly and mistletoe !
What—do I dream ?
Where are her little orbs
Lit with love's gleam ?
Where are the tiny feet
Dancing around ?
Bright eyes and nimble feet !
Where ?—underground.

Holly and mistletoe,
Visions divine,
Tender and beautiful,
Come where ye shine !
Visions of little lips
Sweeter than sweet ;
Safe from the snow-storm now,
Safe from the sleet.

Holly and mistletoe,
Coral and pearl,
Red for the rosy cheeks
Worn by my girl ;
White for the fairest face
Nature e'er drew ;
Green for the memory
Love keepeth new.

Holly and mistletoe,
Crowning her name,

Welcome for her sweet sake,
 Welcome each game—
 “Truckle the trencher,” and
 “Kiss in the ring,”
 “Apple and candle,” “Buff,”
 “Courtier and king.”

Holly and mistletoe,
 Yes, I am blest,
 Merry-mass comes, and lo !
 I am possessed :
 Up goes the kissing-bush,
 Down cometh she,
 Singing “Sweet merry-mass,”
 Ever to me.

Holly and mistletoe,
 Tears must be shed ;
 Ye have your living ones,
 I have my dead ;
 Yours is a present joy,
 Mine is a past ;
 Clear is your sky of life,
 Mine overcast.

Holly and mistletoe,
 Long may it be,
 Friends, ere my loneliness
 Ever you see ;

But if that time shall come,
Then you will know
More of my text than my
Sermon can show.

THEY BID ME LOVE AND SMILE AGAIN.

THEY bid me love and smile again,
As in the days gone by ;
And new love driveth old love's pain,
They tell me when I sigh.
But oh ! my spirit hath a wound
No art of love can heal !
My antidote's beneath the mound
Where hearts aye cease to feel.

I met thee in the happiest time
That youthful souls can meet,
When May was in her maiden-prime,
And everything was sweet ;
When throstles with their loudest notes
Trilled out their joy in song ;
And little linnets tuned their throats
With love the whole day long.

We parted, ere the summer came
 With blithe and rosy June ;
 While yet the cuckoo sung his name
 To merry merles at noon ;
 And oh ! the loss that parting made
 Is only known to me.
 Dost mind thy promise in the glade ?—
 Still love forgiveth thee.

OH, THE HEART HATH ITS TREASURES.

OH, the heart hath its treasures, deep hid in the grave,
 The forms that it loved in the heyday of youth,
 And the true and the tender will evermore crave
 A glimpse of those pictures Hope painted for Truth :
 How they dwell in the memory ! fair and divine
 As the moon's rounded pearl on the bosom of Night,
 Or happy old age, in its peaceful decline,
 With its time-honoured beauty enchanting the sight.

As the traveller turns on his heel to behold
 The bloom of the landscape that purples the view,
 Deep tinging the distance of russet and gold,
 Where the lips of his loving ones uttered adieu ;
 So the soul in her loneliness looks to the past
 For comfort to solace her wearisome way,
 As the wail of the winter comes loud on the blast,
 And the glow of the sunset departs with the day.



LAYS
FOR THE LITTLE ONES.



The Children of Old England
With little merry eyes,
Who light the home with sunshine,
And make our Paradise !
Not blither sing the birdies
That nestle in the corn,
Than they when Joy's own ditties
They warble at the morn.



THE DUCKLING.

OLD Mother Cubidee went for a walk,
With her seven little chickens and one little duck,
Amusing them all with her old-fashioned talk,
Clickity, clackity, clock, cluck, cluck,—

Till she came to a pool by the side of a road,
With her seven little chickens and one little duck,
When ducky plunged in where the water was broad,
Clickity, clackity, clockity, cluck.

The hen she looked on with her little ones near,
The seven little chickens amazed at the duck,
Till she felt every feather a-quiver with fear,
Clickity, clackity, clockity, cluck.

The little rogue floated around and around,
Then stood on his head, did the wee little duck,
While the hen screamed aloud with despair in the sound,
Clickity, clackity, clockity, cluck.

And now standing up on the water so deep,
 And flapping his winglets, the dear little duck,
 He gave a loud laugh, then he took a wild leap ;
 Clickity, clackity, clockity, cluck.

His sport being over he paddled to land,
 As if it were nothing, the quaint little duck ;
 When the hen gave a chuckle of joy to her band,
 Clickity, clackity, clock, cluck, cluck.

THE ORPHAN LAMB.

My pretty little gibby-lamb,
 And has your Mamma gone
 And left you here, my pretty dear,
 All hungry and alone ?
 O never mind it little pet
 For I will love you well,
 So when you want your dinner, dear,
 Just ring your tiny bell,
 And I will bring my basket full
 Of nice and dainty meat—
 Young butter-buds and tender grass,
 And new milk, rich and sweet ;
 Don't cry again my darling, dear,

Since your Mamma is dead,
I'll be your little mother now
And make your cosy bed,
And in the pleasant meadows, love,
So golden and so bright,
We'll play together all the day,
And kiss "Good-bye" at night.

TELL ME WHAT THE MILL DOTH SAY.

TELL me what the mill doth say,
Clitter, clatter, night and day ;
When we sleep, and when we wake,
Clitter, clatter, it doth make.
Never idle, never still,
What a worker is the mill !
Clitter, clatter, clitter, clatter,
What a worker is the mill.

Tell me what the rill doth say
As it trips along its way,
Sweet as skylark on the wing,
Ripple, dipple, it doth sing ;

Never idle, never still,
What a worker is the rill !
Ripple, dipple, ripple, dipple,
What a worker is the rill.

Listen to the honey bee
As he dances merrily
To the little fairy's drum,
Humming, drumming, humming, dum ;
Never idle, never still,
Humming, drumming, hum it will,
Humming, drumming, humming, drumming,
Humming, drumming, hum it will.

Like the mill, the rill, and bee,
Idleness is not for me,
What says cock-a-doodle-doo ?
" Up ! there's work enough for you ;"
If I work then with a will
It will be but playing still,
Ever cheery, never weary,
It will be but playing still.



THE SONG OF THE PEWIT.

I'M little Petawin Pewit,
 And live out on the moor,
 In a pretty little grass house,
 With peat-turf for my door.
 I can't sing like the thrushes,
 I often wish I could,
 Nor warble like the linnets
 That live within the wood ;
 But then I do the best I can,
 As mine have done before,
 And gaily wave my graceful wing
 When speeding o'er the moor,
 Singing ever as I fly,
 " Life is very sweet,
 Pewit witivity, pewit witivity,
 Pewit, witivityweet."

When comes the time for buttercups,
 And bluebells, in my nest
 I sit amid the sedgy tufts
 And plume my shining breast ;
 Or saying " Good-bye, darling,"
 Unto my little wife,
 I pass the woods and meadows
 And lead a pleasant life—

In finding for our baby-birds
The simple food they need,
Then hasten to my home again
Rejoicing in my deed,
Singing ever as I fly,
"Life is very sweet,
Pewit witivity, pewit witivity,
Pewit, witivityweet."

THE CHILD AND THE BUTTERFLY.

ON the silvery white of a dewberry bloom,
Laden with sweets and delicious perfume,
The Queen of the summer, in glory arrayed,
Was resting awhile in the skirt of a glade,

When a bright little maid with a pretty blue eye,
The dear little fairy thing chanced to spy,
And the joy that it gave her will never be told,
As it folded its pinions of crimson and gold.

Then, smiling, the little one singing began,
"O butterfly ! butterfly ! spread out thy fan ;
The humming-bird's boast and the peacock's is thine,
Bright hues that the sapphire and ruby outshine.

Thy slender horns, beaded and pearly as dew,
 Surmounted with jewels, enchanted I view,
 As perched on that blossom, an airy-wing'd sprite,
 I see thee now basking in sunshiny light.

O butterfly ! butterfly ! flit not away,
 But just let me touch thee, my beauty, I pray ;
 I'll do thee no harm pretty gem of the sky !
 There !—now thou art flown, naughty creature,
 O fie !”

THE SQUIRREL.

UP the ash, and down the oak,
 And through the hazel bushes,
 Gliding where the ravens croak,
 And merry make the thrushes,—
 Nought cares he what foes there be,
 One, or two, or many ;
 He can climb the highest tree,
 Far away from any.

Pricking ears, with curling tail,
 In the fork* he sitteth ;
 But if shouts do him assail,
 Far away he flitteth.

* Where two or more branches begin.

Nought cares he what foes there be,
 He's the true wood-ranger ;
 On he leaps from tree to tree
 Ever out of danger.

THE DORMOUSE.

LITTLE dotty derrymouse,
 Sleeping in your tiny house,
 Rounded like a ball,—
 Pretty nest all made of sedge,
 Hidden now in thorny hedge,
 Now in privet wall.

What is it you dream about,
 Winter in and winter out,
 In your coat of brown ?
 It must be of happy days
 Spent in pleasant sunny ways
 Far away from town.

Little dotty derrymouse,
 Sleeping in your cosy house,
 Though the storms may wail,—
 Yet they never waken you,
 Where you lie rolled up from view,
 Circled by your tail.

Now you ope your litle eyes,
What a look of mild surprise,
 Derrymouse I see.
Pretty creature do not fear,
For no enemy is near.
 Will you come with me ?

If you will, then in the spring,
With each sweet and juicy thing,
 I will see you fed ;
And when winter comes again,
Sheltered from the wind and rain,
 You shall make your bed.

Must you close again your eye ?
Bye ! then, little dotty, bye !
 And when fast asleep,
I will wrap you up so warm,
And from everything like harm
 Will my " derry " keep.



TO RUFUS, A PET CAT.

RUFUS, Rufus, sitting there,
 With thy philosophic air,
 Gazing straight into the fire,
 What is it doth thee inspire ?
 Is thy catship wondering why
 Cats were ever doomed to die
 Since such cosy beds are thine,
 Ottomans and sofas fine,
 Couches, too, and rugs so dainty ;
 Or is thy fond dream of plenty ?
 Squatting there without a purr,
 In thy nice warm coat of fur,
 Making never a complaint,
 Perfect picture of content,
 Perched up on thy haunches fat,
 What art thinking of old cat ?
 Are thy thoughts about thy tail,
 Which was never known to fail,
 When in thy feline repose
 Aye to curl around thy toes ?
 Or art dreaming of the coals
 And the suffering of poor souls
 Now that brutal men have sold
 Their humanity for gold,

Robbing mortals of that heat,
Necessary as their meat ?
Prithee tell me what art thinking,
With thy emerald eye-balls blinking ?
I would give a mite had we
No more need to cry than thee ;
Hour by hour I see thee lie
Watched by every passer by,
No dread tyrant of a boy
Thee to torture or annoy,
Pampered pet of all the house,
Far too fat to catch a mouse.
Rufus when a cat I see,
Housed as happily as thee,
Then I know that bliss is near,
And a love that knows no fear.
Sweet cat-comfort then be thine,
While thy master, so benign,
And thy mistress joy to see
True domestic peace in thee.

THE ASS AND THE GEESE.

ONCE on a time some silly things,
Well known as geese by their confession,
Went to a pond to wash their wings,
Not thinking then to take possession,

Until a thirsty ass drew near,
 To take a cooling draught of water,
 When lo ! a storm assailed his ear
 Of mingled hiss and cackling clatter.

“ Away ! ” cried one young stupid thing,
 What right have you in our dominion ? ”
 And raising up her angry wing—
 When thus the Ass—“ keep down your pinion.

I've toiled a life-time on this farm,
 You've spent your moments here on grazing,
 Avaunt! or you will come to harm ;
 Your insolence is quite amazing.”

Then in he stepped whilst they flew out,
 With deafening screams and fearful flutter,
 Thus Folly's flock was put to rout,
 In terror that no words can utter.

THE DOLL'S LEVÉE.

A DOLL'S Levée ! We all have dolls,
 Of some particular kind :
 Live Kates, or witching waxen Polls,
 To please the infant mind.

And so, this merry month of June,
While everything is gay,
And nature sings her sweetest tune,
We keep high holiday.

See, seated on her royal throne.
The fair Macassarine ;
A lady all delight to own
As Dolly's dimpled Queen.

And near her, with a noble air,
In glittering armour dight,
Sir Bassinet protects the fair,
A bold and stalwart knight.

While lovely maids, a brave array,
In softest swansdown clad ;
And smiling, like the fields o' May,
Make all our darlings glad.

In silken sashes, Scissoret,
And Needleëtta view ;
Rose Ribbondene, and Cushionet,
And coy Cottonia too.

Here, bright Celine, with sapphire eyes,
And pearl drops in her ears,
There, Elfie, with a fay's surprise,
In bridal robe appears ;

Next Thimbleleno, golden-haired,
With pert Prunelle, the chit ;
And Braidaline, as if she dared
To rival Pinalit.

And now our little ones begin
To gather in their joy ;
With whom, to covet is no sin,
When they behold a toy.

“ O, what a little dear, mamma ! ”
“ And I should like him, too ; ”
“ Pray buy that lovely boy, papa,
For your own Totty, do ! ”

“ 'Ook, sissy, 'ook !—O, I do 'ove
That pitty one in white ! ”
“ If I'd that girl in blue, above,
I would be good to night ! ”

'Tis thus the prattle of their tongues
Rings through the spacious Hall,
As tuneful as the merry songs
At linnets' festival.

And, long as there are Nolls and Polls,
With little pattering feet,
Some loving hand will dress the dolls,
To make their joy complete.

A COMICAL STORY.

A TALL stalwart Fir, as he stood by the way,
 Was heard by a traveller, passing one day,
 In a sort of soliloquy, first it appears,
 Then talking to one, who had leaves for his ears :
 " I think it's myself, but I am not quite sure ;"
 Much perplexed in his look, like a simpleton pure,
 " Those leaves are the ivy's, and never my spikes ;"
 I'm puzzled a little, like Timothy Tykes."
 When out spoke the parasite : " Friend, you are mad :
 What can you be else but an ivy, my lad ? "

Old Fir was confounded, and greatly amazed—
 The picture of one, whom we reckon as crazed,
 He could not refute it, but still he said, " Sir,
 I am not an ivy, I say, but a fir."
 Pert Ivy, then bade him glance down at his feet,
 With " Pray now confess, that you really are beat ;
 For if you look closely, I think 'twill be found,
 " I am Mister Ivy, right down to the ground."
 " 'Tis true, and not true," said old Fir but I guess
 That you'll find I'm the tree, and that you are the
 dress."

MORAL.

Thus falsehood will argue, and frequently try
 To bury the Truth, in the garb of a lie.

Written in " Clovelly Hobby."

MERRILY THE MOMENTS FLY.

“Twood, twood, twood,”

The thrush sings in the tree ;—

“Twood, twood, twood,”

And not afraid is he ;

Hear him by the road-way side,

Morning, noon, and eventide,

Singing to each passer by

“Merrily the moments fly.”

“Twink, twink, twink,”

The chaffinch singeth now,

“Twink, twink, twink,”

In yonder hazel bough ;

While the merry blackbirds' chime,

With the cuckoo's summer-rhyme,

Singing to each passer by,

“Merrily the moments fly.”

“Tweet, tweet, tweet,”

The little linnet sings ;

“Tweet, tweet, tweet,”

As on the twig it springs,

Till the children welcome May,

Joining in the roundelay,

Singing, “Shout each passer by

Merrily the moments fly.”



PATRIOTIC SONGS

AND OTHER POEMS.

No thought was there of dastard flight ;
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight.

SCOTT.

OUR OWN BELOVED ENGLAND.

OUR own belovéd England,
Our glory and our pride,
There is no land like England,
In all the world beside.
We love her peaceful valleys,
We love her breezy hills,
The music of her warblers,
The murmur of her rills.

CHORUS.—Our own belovéd England,
Our glory and our pride,
There is no land like England,
In all the world beside.

We pray for all in England,
 Of high and low degree,
 And men of every Nation,
 The bondman and the free ;
 And long may England flourish,
 And joy be with her seen ;
 May peace dwell with the people,
 And God preserve her Queen.
 CHORUS.—Our own belovéd England,
 Our glory and our pride,
 There is no land like England,
 In all the world beside.

BULLER THE BRAVE.

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF DEVON'S WELCOME HOME TO
 HER HERO, COLONEL REDVERS BULLER, C.B., V.C.

ONCE more from the battle-field, over the wave,
 To the home of the hero we welcome the brave,
 With the CROSS on his breast like a luminous star,
 The eye of the Army, and soul of the War.

Isandula avenged, and Intombi, where fell
 Our braves, as the savage swooped down with a yell,
 Let Chelmsford be honoured ; but Buller's the boast
 Of the honest old land, from its heart to the coast.

So we shared in his laurels, for Devon's dear sake,
As they did in the days of bold Grenville and
Drake,

When Forbes, the intrepid, rode, breathless, to wire
His levin-like dash, in a message of fire.

At bloody Zlobani, though craggy and steep,
The red posts of peril he won at a leap,
Where a host at each turn bade the stoutest beware,
For his watchword was "Onward, and never Despair!"

Aye, bravest in danger, and first in the van,
A lion in courage, in feeling a man,
No comrade in arms could be struck by the foe,
But his prowess increased, as his pity would flow.

Yes, those who fought with him know best, and can
tell

How he held the black tigers in check with his spell,
As he succoured the helpless that fell in the fray,
And bore them in pride, and in triumph away.

And when "To Ulundi," the order was given,
And the foe from his kraal and his covert was driven,
Our Buller, to counsel, was ever at hand,
The trust of his Chief, and the hope of his band.

And oh, if the wild Umvolosi could speak,
How he on his charger the torrent would break
When off like a leviner fleet, at a bound,
To scent out the slot, like a trusty old hound.

Now here and now there, over donga and drift,
Through mealies, steed-high, on the veldt, at the
 swift,
Or straight to the swamp, where the herbage was
 rank,
With danger in front, and with death on the flank.

Past the bush, where huge Pythons are lurking in
 coils,
Like living lianas, to snare in their toils,
Where light is a stranger, or sickly and green,
And dens where the desert-born lion is seen.

Just hear his brave words, as he spins up a glen,
His cheery old chirp to encourage his men ;
“ Good, Bravo, my hearties, but mind, have a care,
Or Ketché may catch you. Halloa boys ! a snare.—

“ What ho, there ! Ware hawk : by Jack Russell, look
 out,
There’s game up my lads, that is Beresford’s shout,”
For a hiss as of serpents is heard in the grass,
And a thousand fierce savages block up the pass.

“ Sit well in the saddle, and tighten the girth,
 Then off with a rush, like a storm at the birth,
 And as your proud chargers sweep on with a run,
 Set your sabres at play in the flash of the sun.

“ Hurrah, lads ! we know that the enemy's there,
 To-morrow we'll have out the beast from his lair.”
 And, sure as the day, he was true to his word,
 For the kranzes, and kloofs in the morning were
 stirr'd.

As they marched in the square, 'twas a picture to see
 Bold Evelyn Wood,* with his lads all a-glee,
 While Buller rode round where the rock-rabbits hide
 And drew on the foe in the flush of his pride.

Anon from the heights, like the swarming of bees,
 As red Sakabulas rush under the trees,
 With plumes of grey scarlet, and skin-shields of
 white,
 Dense hordes of wild Zulus are hasting to fight.

Now ringing us round, with a tumult like hell,
 They blazed, as we answered with shot and with shell,
 Yet spite, too, of assegais flying around,
 Our tight little wall of men stuck to their ground.

* The following bit of information may interest the author's friends:—
 Just after this poem was written, he was proud to make the very pleasing
 discovery that on his mother's side the brave and gallant Sir Evelyn was
 a kinsman ; he and the poet having descended from the same old Tiverton
 stock of Woods which produced the good and famous Sir Matthew, who
 became twice Lord Mayor of London.

But the front of the foe becomes broken and jagged,
And his courage now falters that never had flagged,
For each withering volley is mowing him down,
And his fortune at last is beginning to frown.

A pause—then a panic, when Evelyn Wood,
Dragoon and bold Lancer are off like a flood,
But not before Buller, the foremost in fight,
Sweeps out like a whirlwind, and puts him to flight.

Yet often the foe on that terrible day,
Turned round like a lion and kept them at bay,
As they in their onslaught compelled him to run,
Till Beresford shouted "Ulundi is won!"

September 1st, 1879.

WATERLOO BOB.

A LITTLE wizen-visaged man
Of eighty-three or more,
Who bends "two-double" as he leans
Against his cottage door.

I love a hero from my heart,
So hearing of his fame,
I drew towards him, shook his hand,
And ask'd him for his name :

When smiling crowfeet graced each eye,
 Which sparkled like a star,
 And, as I stood the vet'ran by,
 Thus spoke the man of war.

“Wor I at Waterloo? yo ask,
 I rather think I wos;
 Yes, I remember Hugomont
 And bloody Quarterbros!

And for the little part I took
 In that tremenjus fray,
 I gets from our most gracious Queen
 My eighteen-pence a day.

My krisen'd name? 'tis Robert Phipps,
 But heer at Harborne, sir,
 Whene'er they calls for 'Little Bob,'
 I'm 'theer' without demur.

Well, why they calls me so, I s'pose,
 Is reasonable, no doubt,
 Within my shoes I'm five-foot-three,
 And five-foot-two when out.

A very little fellow, but
 In Boney's stirring days,
 They worn't pertikler beowt the soize
 If yo had plucky ways.

Yo'd loike to heer a bit perhaps
 Of whot this lod has seen,—
 And moind my mottor's 'Tell the truth'—
 To Paris I ha'e been.

I entered with the Grond Allies
 Jest arter Waterloo,
 And, sir, yo shod ha'e seen our lods,
 And seen the Frenchies, too.

The duke and Blucher, they wor theer,
 Besoide the Rooshan King,
 And daa'nt the sans culottes look queer
 To heer we British sing.

Old Boney would ha'e broke his heart
 If he had caught that sight;
 I pitied him; I seen him once;
 'Twor jest befowr the fight.

I knew him by the three-cock'd hat,
 And green coat that he wore,
 Grey cloak, white breeches, boots and spurs,
 But never saw him more.

The battle then had not begun,
 At least I saw no soigns,
 When he afore his Curraseers
 Rode up and down the loines.

I never shall forget the sound
 Of welcome which they gave
 To cheer him, but their standing ground
 Was very soon their grave :—

For with a heavy, thundering boom
 Our guns began to play,
 And many a brave mon met his doom
 On that too fatal day.

I saw the duke of Brunswick fall,
 Sir Thomas Picton, too ;
 The bugle made a deadly call
 That day at Waterloo.

What did I do ? the best I could
 To stave the Frenchman's shock,
 Stood upright, sir, and down-straight, so,
 Jest like old six o'clock.

Our reg'ment was the forty-fourth,
 All little fellows we,
 And Wellington this message sent,
 By's aidekong,—d'ye see ?

‘The General orders yo to bear
 Those colours from the field,
 For yo're too weak to hold'em, men ;'
 We were too *strong* to yield.

‘What say yo boys?’ our Kurnel ask’d,
 ‘*Where’er they go, we go,*’
 Sez brave O’Malley, ‘Tell the duke
 That all my men say ‘NO!’

‘Rank Mutiny!’ old “Hookey” said,
 But they’re a gamey lot,
 So let them have their way and lose
 Their colours and be shot.’

We were but lods, and very small,
 But how we fought that day
 Against old Boney’s Granadeers
 The figgirs, sir, will say.

Full seven hunderd we went in,
 We came out thirty-three,
 And shot to ribbons was our flag
 Amid the devilry.

To save the pole had been enough,
 We sav’d the rag besoide,
 The Frenchman cut up very rough,—
 No, sir, I hav’n’t loied.

I’ve told my story straight as truth,
 My chum was first to fall;
 A soldier’s head ain’t bullet-proof
 Against a cannon ball.

And our O'Malley, bold as true,
Wos wounded in the foight ;
But, though we won the victory,
It wor a horrid soight."

This living hero of the ranks
Was sorely stricken, too ;
So here I give a Briton's thanks
To Bob of Waterloo.

THE CLARION SOUNDS !

THE clarion sounds ! uprouse ! awake !
There's tempest in the air,
The muttering clouds already break,
With anger brooding there.
O Britain, dost thou not behold
War's portent in the sky ?
Arise ! thy place is with the bold ;
We must be free or die !

The clarion sounds ! and on the heights,
And in the valleys green,
With banners from a thousand fights,
A dauntless host is seen ;

They gather in the tented field,
 And raise their standard high ;
 A band that knows not when to yield ;
 We must be free or die !

The clarion sounds ! again, again !
 And hark ! the rolling drum :—
 We'll keep a look-out on the main,
 And he who dares, may come.
 We hold the land, our ships the sea,
 So let the foe draw nigh ;
 The Briton's life is liberty ;
 We must be free or die !

July 29th, 1874.

OUR DRAGONS OF THE DEEP.

STAND Britons by your flag, the sign
 No craven hearts are we ;
 The deeds that in our history shine
 Repeated now must be.
 What though our wooden walls no more
 On Neptune's bosom sleep ;
 We've iron watchers by the shore,—
 Our Dragons of the deep.

CHORUS.

Be steady ! be steady, boys !
We're ready, aye ready, boys,
 The savage sea to sweep ;
Whoever will may dare, boys,
But let the world beware, boys !
 Our Dragons of the deep.

'T was not our gallant ships that sailed,
 With Nelson's flag unfurled,
That 'gainst our stubborn foes prevailed,
 And bravely beat the world,
But the stout hearts of British oak,
 That bled the land to keep ;
And such are we, let none provoke
 Our Dragons of the deep.

CHORUS.

Be steady ! be steady, boys !
We're ready, aye ready, boys,
 The savage sea to sweep ;
Whoever will may dare, boys,
But let the world beware, boys !
 Our Dragons of the deep.

We love the fair white flag of peace,
 Which floats above our head ;

But rather than our rights should cease,
 We'll stain it deep with red ;
 The trackless sea shall be our path,
 And we to war will leap,
 When we have heated with our wrath
 Our Dragons of the deep.

CHORUS.

Be steady ! be steady, boys !
 We're ready, aye ready, boys,
 The savage sea to sweep ;
 Whoever will may dare, boys,
 But let the world beware, boys !
 Our Dragons of the deep.

December 7th, 1872.

PALMERSTON.

OUR grand old State was labouring in the storm,
 And chaos threatened with its cloud of doom,
 When the whole nation loudly cried " Reform,
 And give us one to lead us through the gloom."

Then at her worst, her time of greatest need,
 Forth stepped the man o'erleaping every bar,
 And threw himself upon her curbless steed,
 And rode triumphant through the thundering War.

To him the tempests on the land and sea
 Were but as empty bubbles, light as air,
 "It must be done," was Palmerston's decree ;
 And Britain's praise is ringing everywhere.

Bideford, 1854.

FAITH IN HUMAN PROGRESS.

O GLORIOUS hope ! the offspring of great souls,
 Who pass the doubters with a noble scorn ;
 And he who, valiant, foul desire controls,
 Or strives to crush it, hastens in the morn
 When passion, foe of purity and light,
 Shall yield to reason and the law of right.

Degrade the matter, you pollute the mind,
 When sluggish reason idle makes the will ;
 Thus, you the soul in folly's fetters bind,
 And all the man imbruted standeth still.
 Give honour to the body, base of all,
 And virtue then may answer wisdom's call.

1879.



YE WARWYCKSHYRE HUNTTE.

YE huntte ye huntte onne Suttoune chaase !

Yoho ! tanteevyee, tanteevyee !

Ye houndés alle offe myghte ande paace,

Ande lordes ande ladyes fayre o' faace

Doe merrye maake ye mornynge.

Yoho ! tanteevyee, tanteevyee !

Ye aunciente dogge hee gyveth the tongue,

Yoho ! tanteevyee, tanteevyee !

Yt ys ye deepe-mouthede wolffe hounde's songe,

Ryde ladyes gaye ande lordes alonge,

Ande merrye maake ye mornynge.

Yoho ! tanteevyee, tanteevyee !

Ye wolffe ys rouzede fro ys layre,

Yoho ! tanteevyee, tanteevyee !

Presse harde ye lordes ande ladyes fayre,

Ye gaame's afoote ande scenttes ye ayre,

Soe merrye y^u ye mornynge.

Yoho ! tanteevyee, tanteevyee !

And nowe ye quarrye ys ye boare !

Yoho ! tanteevyee, tanteevyee !

Ye hunttesmanne bolde ys toe ye fore,

Ye milk-whyte steede hee runnythe gore

Soe merrye ys ye mornynge,

Yoho ! tanteevyee, tanteevyee !

Seehoe ! seehoe ! -ye hayre herr forme,

Yoho ! tanteevyee, tanteevyee !

Shee leeveyethē doublynge lyke ye worme,

Ande cunnyngē runneythe fro ye storme,

Soe merrye in ye mornynge:

Yoho ! tanteevyee, tanteevyee !

Fro ye greene covere o' ye woode,

Yoicks ! tallyhoe, tanteevyee !

Ye vyxene offe ye vulpyne broode

Afore ye houndes ys fleeynge shrewde

Ryghte merrye yn ye mornynge.

Yoicks ! tallyhoe, tanteevyee !

Ande nowe yt ys ye bucke ande doe,

Harke ! harke awaye, tanteevyee !

Ye stagge ys flyinge fro ye foe,

Ande loude ye wyndynge hornes doe blowe

Alle merrye yn ye mornynge.

Harke ! forrwarde, harke ! tanteevyee !

Nowe, chauntynge, lordes and dames o' Courte

Synge sweetlye alle tanteevyee !

Forre stagge ye hunttesmanne soundeyethe morte

Longe lyve ye kyngē and royalle sporte

Soe merrye ys ye mornynge.

Yoho ! tanteevyee, tanteevyee !



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL
OF DERBY.

God strengthen thee, great Athlete in the fight.
Our Hercules who doth the dragon War
Hold in a deadly grip. Henceforth afar
Thy name shall be the synonym of might
Armed with th' invulnerable panoply of right.
Keep thou thy place despite the baleful jar.
The hour is dark, be still our Guiding Star,
And we will follow thee into the light.
"Our greatest British interest is PEACE."
This was the clarion-note that made thy foes
From wanton vapourings for bloodshed cease,
And till the records of all time shall close,
May Heaven unto thy stock give large increase
As safeguards for the dear old land's repose.

1878.

SONG OF THE HAPPY MAN.

THE lord loves his acres, the miser his gold,
The hunter his horse, and his hounds ;
The farmer his flock, and the warrior bold
The charge, when the clarion sounds ;
And the sailor his lass,
And the beauty her glass,

And the reaper a bonny blue sky :—

But give me a cot,

With true love for my lot,

And a sparkle of mirth for my eye,

And this ditty I'll sing,

With the pride of a king,

“Though the cash in my coffer be small,

The best of all wealth,

Is a stock of good health,

With a heart that is thankful for all.”

While the duke has his castle, the monarch his crown,

The courtier his title and name,

And their ladies repose on their couches of down,

And the hero is honour'd with fame ;

I will journey through life,

Without envy or strife,

Looking out for its beautiful flow'rs ;

And carry a light,

For adversity's night,

And honey to sweeten the sours ;

And merrily sing,

As I march with a swing,

“ Since honesty feareth no fall,

The best of all wealth,

Is a good stock of health,

With a heart that is thankful for all.”

Let the lord have his land, and the miser his gold,
And the hunter his horse, and his hounds,
And the farmer his flock, and the warrior bold
His charge, when the clarion sounds ;
And the sailor his lass,
And the beauty her glass,
And the reaper his bonny bright sky :—
But with love for my lot,
In a sweet little cot,
And a sparkle of mirth for my eye ;
I my ditty will sing,
Spite of Poverty's sting,
“ Though the cash in my coffer be small,
The best of all wealth,
Is a good stock of health,
With a heart that is thankful for all.”



BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

WAYSIDE WARBLERS.

Second Edition.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO., LONDON; AND E. C. OSBORNE,
BIRMINGHAM.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Some of the songs are exultant in their music; their feeling, and their true lyric vigour.—*Daily Telegraph.*

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The contents are fully worthy of their tasteful cover; some of the additions in the present volume possess a simple beauty almost unsurpassable.—*Examiner.*

It is the genuine love of nature, the depth of country lore, the sunny reflection of that pure happiness which intimate familiarity with out-door country life in all seasons can give, which forms the chief merit of these "Wayside Warbles," and, we may add, most of them are pleasantly redolent of the roads, and lanes, and fields, and meadow-sweet.—*Pall Mall.*

His translation—for he is one of the priests of nature—from Bideford to Birmingham seemed peculiarly inappropriate—sending the rural singer from the music of wood and stream to the dismal Acheron of clattering anvils and roaring forges; but there he now is. The faculty of poetry which burst like the opening blossoms of spring among the hedges and lanes of Buckland it has not been in the power of the Black Country to blight. The greater number of the poems in the new volume now sent out—not the first by several from his prolific muse—is redolent of the old scenes and associations. Whatever of beauty, music, and tenderness charmed in the author's early poems is found in a higher degree in these.—*Western Times.*

By the same Author.

All who wish to obtain a compendious collection of Mr. CAPERN's melodious and beautiful compositions should possess themselves of a copy. Many of the recent additions are equal to if they do not surpass the poet's earlier productions.—*North Devon Journal.*

Exhibit all the sprightly melody and warm appreciation of the true and beautiful which proclaim the genuine poet.—*Birmingham Daily Gazette.*

What Longfellow does in "Hiawatha" for American scenery and prairie life as they present themselves to the Indian mind, that does Mr. CAPERN for the quiet meadows, lanes, and woodlands of England as they exist in the consciousness of an Englishman who devotedly loves these things, knowing not why and caring not wherefore.—*The Illustrated Midland News.*

We are glad to find our old friend Mr. CAPERN again before the public with a new edition of his "Wayside Warbles," containing many additional poems. The same sturdy impulse that stirred the poet in his earlier productions—the same inspiration fresh from nature, pervade all the new poems.—*Westcott's Local Press.*

WAYSIDE WARBLERS.

First Edition.

SAMPSON LOW AND CO.

A poet whose verses breathe of England's sweetest and most languid summer haunt. . . . Mr. CAPERN is a born poet. A ray of the divine light has flashed upon him.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

In the beautiful verses in which he dedicates his third volume of song to his friend Mr. ROCK, he describes himself as 'a gentle lover of the lane and field' that finds his 'jewels in gold meadow-buds.' We could not more appropriately characterise Mr. CAPERN's muse than he has characterised it himself. It is essentially a sylvan muse that dwells delightfully with the ferns, the primroses, the snowdrops, and the daffodils. Even when he breaks into fiery utterance and lifts aloft the 'Lion flag' of his country, the England of his affection is still the 'daisy-quilted England.'—*Fortnightly Review.*

By the same Author.

This new volume of Mr. CAPERN's lyrics will confirm the high reputation which his previous works have deservedly obtained. His songs are peculiarly distinguished by their refinement, their freshness, and their simplicity. . . . Mr. CAPERN displays poetic genius of the highest order.—*Observer*.

One of the truest and sweetest of those nature-inspired poets to whom verse-making is a solace and recreation after the physical toils of a hard day's work.—*Morning Star*.

He sings, because his heart overflows with an intense love of nature, because the beauties and melodies of the world around him have filled his eyes and ears with their loveliness and sweetness, and his heart with ecstasy that breaks forth into song. The poet's features glow with a divine light, because he has seen nature face to face and caught the glory of her countenance.—*London Review*.

It is delightful to think that there is such a person roaming, writing, and scribbling in our land.—*Guardian*.

His ballads and songs have now become universally popular, alike charming the ears and reaching the hearts of the rich and the poor.—*Quiver*.

Mr. CAPERN has long been known as a poet of no mean order, and the fame he has acquired as a sweet and natural singer will by no means be detracted from by the *Wayside Warbles*. The lyrics contained in the volume are, like those which have preceded them, remarkable for their sweetness and simplicity.—*City Press*.

This third volume of poems by Mr. EDWARD CAPERN fully bears out the judgment by which the public have assigned to him the rank of a genuine poet. There is no fustian about these compositions, no forced utterance, no feeling merely simulated, and therefore no hollow imitation of other poets. They are the simple, fervid outpourings of actual emotion, and have the sparkling freshness of their origin about them. There is something touching in the fact that these beautiful strains are the music of an humble unsophisticated heart holding communion with nature alone, and gathering its inspiration from her every-day aspects.—*Daily News*.

Here is a true poet. . . . A man who sings because song is his natural language. . . . Sing on Mr. CAPERN.—*Press*.

Whoever loves a lively or a plaintive measure simply sung, and scenes that breathe of open air and open heart, will find

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his tone less masterful than the nightingale, but not less delightful than the lark or the linnet.—*Illustrated London News.*

Full of warm and simple sentiments, as refreshing as the scent of clover or new-mown grass, or the sweet honeysuckle of the beautiful Devonshire hedges and lanes.—*Morning Post.*

A genuine poet of nature, and, while he chirps about Devonshire and flowers and birds, is simply delicious. It is pleasant to give such unqualified praise to a self-taught songster, for such men, as a rule, are indifferent and impertinent versifiers. CAPERN, however, is 'real grit.'—*Fun.*

Mr. CAPERN has been deservedly praised for his hearty love of nature and the fresh homeliness of his language. Mr. CAPERN'S songs are all unaffected, and many of them truly graceful. There is sunshine in them and the fragrance of flowers.—*Public Opinion.*

These 'Wayside Warbles' are indeed thoroughly full of interest, not merely because of their being the effusions of a self-educated mind, but because they are full of genius, and breathe words and sentiments that would do honour to the largest intelligence that was ever employed in giving delight to our fellow men.—*Bell's Weekly Messenger.*

He was recognised long ago as a man with a real gift of song, and we are very glad to meet him again and to have an opportunity of warmly commending his book to our readers. His poems have about them touches of improvisation, which are very charming.—*Illustrated Times.*

We have come across several pieces of a high order.—*Athenæum.*

An excellent poet; and this his third volume is in every way worthy to rank with his previous productions.—*Workman's Advocate.*

Mr. CAPERN has now an established poetic reputation. His first volume at once secured it, and we are glad to record the progressiveness of his genius and his culture. We have carefully compared his first published volume with this, his third, and have sought in vain for any grace or beauty discerned in the former, which does not find representation in the latter; while there are entirely new delights developed in the 'Wayside Warbles,' which were immature and only germinating in the poet's mind, when the volume of 'Poems'

By the same Author.

published in 1856 saw the light. He is a perfect master of melody, and as good a handicraftsman in the uses of metre, manner, and language, as any poet of the most classic epochs of the divine art.—*Atlas*.

We wish all our readers would read this volume of poems by EDWARD CAPERN. He is the Robert Burns of Devonshire, and we think that some of his verses equal anything the Scotch bard ever wrote in the way of touching pathos and beauty. . . . While he walks, he 'warbles by the wayside' about everything he sees—lads and lasses, flowers, trees, barn-yards, mills, and rills. He gives them the pulse and voice of life, and sets them a-singing for very joy.—*Elihu Burritt in the "Bond."*

A volume of mostly lyric poems, which have been frequently and favourably reviewed by the English press. Brought into contact with nature, and with ever-varying scenes of rural life, by his engagements, his poetic genius formed these phenomena into as many poems, which thus bear a most estimable impress of objective truth. And as his mind is able most fervently to embrace all the charms of nature around him, he drinks in the warm sunshine in full draughts, and shouts with joy at the sight of the endless blue heavens. Nature to him teems with life, and birds sing to him, he joining their chorus in praise of Spring or the Creator. We must confess that subjectively also he possesses everything that makes the poet. They stand far above the common, and full many may be thought worthy of taking a place in our collections of English poetry, for which they are eminently fitted, on account of their ethic and Christian spirit.—*Herrig's Archiv für Studium der neuern Sprachen und Literaturen (Herrig's Archives for the Study of Modern Languages and Literatures)*.

He is evidently one of those born poets, whose sensitiveness of nature, susceptibilities to the glories of the natural world, and deep feeling for all relating to humanity, joined with a love of music, combine to form some of the most welcome authors and true poets of our time.—*Birmingham Journal*.

The promise which Mr. CAPERN gave in his first volume of poems, published in 1856, has been fulfilled. The indubitable proofs of poetic genius which that work contained, are completely confirmed by the publication of this, his third volume. We find in his latest works the same truthfulness to nature; the same simplicity of language and subject; the same musical flow of verse, compelling you to sing the poems.—*Birmingham Gazette*.

By the same Author.

His songs have gained for him the high and not altogether unmerited praise of being called the Burns of England.—*Carlisle Journal*.

In neither of his productions do we find such disagreeable fare as diluted Byronism or Tennysonianism. . . . He is original. . . . He has genius, and genius of a high order, and fortunately for song lovers, it is essentially lyrical. . . . To the measure and character of his genius, CAPERN has no equal among the English poets of the people who have chosen the ordinary English language as their vehicle of expression. Devon ought to be proud of such a poet, and so also should England, who assuredly has produced few such song writers as EDWARD CAPERN.—*Bristol Daily Press*.

We are proud of our Devonshire Burns, his Songs have made even Devon's charms more famous, and have led many a city-pent reader to visit the scenes he paints so rapturously. Every one who peruses the 'Warbles,' will confess that he has realised his hope. The same ardent love of nature inspires his muse, and gives zest and sweetness to his ditties. 'Willow Leaves' will solace many a bereaved heart by their simple pathos, and will be prized by the admirers of CAPERN's genius, as the choicest of his lyric gems.—*Exeter and Plymouth Gazette*.

His first volume of poems, so full of genuine harmony, rural beauty, homely patriotism, and spirit-stirring enthusiasm, met with distinguished success, passing through several editions, and receiving the highest encomiums that could be pronounced upon it. This was soon after followed by a second, entitled 'Ballads and Songs,' which, as a literary production, far surpassed the earlier productions of his pen: the same fresh and simple beauty was there, but they exhibited a more cultivated imagination and a richer polish. Then succeeded the 'Devonshire Melodist,' a collection of the poet's Songs, set to music by Mr. Thomas Murby, a masterly musician, who seemed to enter into the spirit of the simple themes, and gave a new charm to the poet's telling bits of mirth and melody. Instead of sitting down and beating the home preserves of his brain for pretty thoughts, his love is to roam abroad by the hedge-row and the stream, and as he catches inspiration from the birds and flowers, he sings of their beauty and fragrance,—sometimes in music simple as the sky,—a melody drawn from a few familiar strings, the fibres of the heart; at other times in dulcet tones, resembling the elegance of Tennyson, or the

By the same Author.

pathetic beauty of Hood. What can be more dainty and amber-bright than the lines 'To a Goldfinch'!—

'Tis not for thy golden wing,
Gem of the grove,' &c., &c.

Then there is 'A Maytime Wish,' 'The Missing Star,' and others full of poetry and sunlight. But we need not extend our notice; we feel sure that everyone will read this new work of Mr. CAPERN'S, and appreciate its wonderful beauty.—*North Devon Journal.*

The ranks of labour are dignified by such men as EDWARD CAPERN. His songs will live as long as the English language continues to be spoken. Music rings from his harp as unbidden as the trill of the lark in the cornfield, or the gush of the nightingale in the thicket. The poets of the people have sung of the people, and have identified themselves with the surroundings of their place of abode, finding food for their fancy in the incidents of every-day life. This is one mark of true genius, and is fully exemplified in the writings of Mr. CAPERN.—*Falmouth and Penryn Times.*

By the same Author.

POEMS.

KENT AND CO.

Mr. CAPERN is a real poet, a man whose writings will be like a gleam of summer sunshine in every household, which they enter.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Melodious and fresh as the skylark notes, under which many of the poems were mentally composed.—*Critic.*

Pieces of fresh rural beauty coming to us like flowering boughs out of a hedge in Spring-time.—*Leader.*

Contains many exquisitely beautiful compositions, and evinces a tone of mind whose equanimity may be envied.—*Weekly Despatch.*

There runs throughout these poems that refined tone of thought, to the expression of which a metrical form is a necessary condition—we find rich tissues of imagery, playful

By the same Author.

fancy, plentiful invention, and above all that *translation of thought into representative circumstances* that ever characterizes the true poet—such is the distinguished excellence of Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, and Alexander Smith, in all of whom the true poetical constitution has been preeminently visible.—*Inquirer.*

Many of the pieces have the soul of genuine poetry in them.—*Literary Gazette.*

It is what poetry was in the sweet days of Burns and Goldsmith.—*Morning Post.*

A noble poet—I have been reading CAPERN'S Poems with equal attention and delight.—*W. S. Landor.*

A man of genius of a very high order, if not the highest. A poet immeasurably superior to the Bloomfields and the other self-educated versifiers presented to the reading public during the last half century. The volume must soon be in every hand.—*Standard.*

Very genuine and very touching—a noble store of those warm thoughts and strains of homely patriotism in which lie the power of the English people.—*Examiner.*

He produces rhymes equal in harmony to Metastasio—who wrote in the most musical language upon earth.—*North Devon Journal.*

Fresh from the fountain wells of nature and feeling.—*Woolmer's Gazette.*

The liquid air seems filled with the melodies of the olden time as we read "May" and "June." "The Lion Flag" is an Ode of great merit—nothing more spirit-stirring has been written on the war.—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Mr. CAPERN is one of those few men whom God has endowed with that rare gift genius.—*Birmingham Daily Press.*

The "Reverie" seems to us one of the most beautiful poems that our day has produced.—*Somerset County Gazette.*

Looking at the circumstances under which these Poems were written, we must regard the volume as one of the wonders of the age.—*Weekly Times.*

BALLADS AND SONGS.

KENT AND CO.

The rhymes chime together lightly and musically, the sentiment is warm, the expression rich and truthful. We mark, indeed, an advance in Mr. CAPERN'S compositions. Without being more elaborate, which would imply degeneracy, considering the author's peculiar purity,—they exhibit a finer polish, and an imagination more creative, than his former writings. Nevertheless, the merit of Mr. CAPERN as a poet lies, and always will lie, in his genuine outbursts of feeling, affection, patriotism, and especially love of nature, for the "love of love" is strong within him. Entering into an unbidden partnership (so to speak) with the thrush, the linnet, and the finch, he pipes on his oaten reed, and adds something to the meadow or woodland chorus. It is easy to show, however, that his strain is not one of monotony. There is something of Tom Hood's quality in an apostrophe commencing—

"Christ befriend thee, poor old man."

"The Bereaved One," "The Little Scarecrow," "Polly Lee," are examples which illustrate his versatility.—*Athenæum*.

Every bird which sings amid his breezy hills, every flower which blooms within his verdant valleys he has glorified in his songs. One feels that it is such men who help to preserve the muscles of Englishmen, and the nerve of English thought. . . . Mr. CAPERN has chosen the right path, let him follow it to its end; and as he moves along we are but too happy to receive his gifts of wayside flowers. All we need do now is to cull a few charming lyrics from the volume before us, and if our readers are disposed to forego those, and such as those, for the bare chance of droning didactics, or any other description of poetry whatever, all that we can say is, that we are contented with what is already pulsing with life, and joy, and beauty.—*Critic*.

Mr. CAPERN'S songs are distinguished for their sweetness and cheerfulness. . . . He sympathises thoroughly with country-folk, and enters into their sports, their loves, their humble hopes and fears, their difficulties and dangers.—*Leader*.

He reasons—

"Do not minor minstrels sing
Sweetly with the forest king?
So may my untutor'd lay
Swell the music of the day;"

By the same Author.

and it is really to the music of the day that his verses make addition.—*Examiner.*

The cottager's children, the wild flowers, the little maiden scaring the rooks from the corn, the shy lass waiting at the stile for her sweetheart—these are the themes he loves. His songs are sung in the sultry hay-field, and around the cosy ingle in winter. There is room in the world of song for CAPERN as well as Tennyson.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

How he burst upon the world with his casket of poetical jewels is assuredly known to all lovers of true poetry.—*The Poet's Magazine.*

Mr. CAPERN is one of those fortunate writers who gain not merely admirers but friends. His whole creed, his whole teaching, his whole life may be summed up in one word—love. EDWARD CAPERN'S songs had all the freshness of true poetic talent. One could see that he did not write of birds and flowers because it was fashionable to do so, but because in his very heart of hearts he *loved* them. The voice of a real joy rang through all his pleasant pages. *Here* was no rhyming writing for effect; here was a man who rambled every day through the green lanes of Devon, stopping every now and then to listen to the cheery carol of the thrush, or bending down to pluck the earliest primrose, and so of birds and primroses he sang.—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

His ballads and songs are charming. He is a poet of the people. The robin,

“Which ever in the haunch of winter sings,”

is not dearer to the dwellers in quiet hamlets and lonely cottages than such a poet as Mr. CAPERN.—*The Plymouth Mail.*

The true spirit of poetry pervades every line.—*The Bideford Gazette.*

There is a breezy sunshiny freshness about the spirit and language of these (Ballads and Songs) that proclaim the poet's love of nature and admiration of his native country. In addition to the truthfulness of the portraiture the volume abounds with imagery of great poetic sweetness and natural tenderness.—*The Western Times.*

These songs are, as were his former ones, the natural outflowings of a true and noble heart, inspired with a love of all things beautiful. . . . Such a poet is a benefactor to his race, and the love with which the children of Devon receive the

By the same Author.

words of their native poet, show how fully they appreciate, and how dear to them is the son with which God has blessed them.—*The Birmingham Journal.*

THE DEVONSHIRE MELODIST.

BOOSEY AND SON.

Not only betokens the true poetical instinct, but exhibits a metrical knowledge to be derived from experience alone. His friends may greatly improve his position by sending him to London and making him take some of the work out of the ballad-writer's hands now prosecuting their career in the metropolis. We should select from the twelve "My Bonny Bell," "Come list, my love," and "Dorky May," as being especially fresh and charming.—*Standard.*

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The fame of our poet is too widely spread over the nation to need any of the common ways of puffing to make him known. What reader that loves poetry simple as nature, beautiful as the flowers of the field, warm as sunshine, has not CAPERN'S poems among his choice treasures of the muses? . . . It

By the same Author.

would be strange if a poet should not have in the common acceptation of the phrase "music in his soul," who has a soul of music: it would not therefore be surprising to find that some of these airs to these airy songs are of the poet's own composing.—*Western Times.*

John Clare is dead, lionised, and lives in the temple of fame. . . . Here however is a truer singer than John Clare, and one whose songs are as genuine as the trill of the thrush in the thicket. His versification is as full of euphony as the trees of the forest shaken with a summer wind. To us he seems to stand alone in the world of lyrics, a living imitation of the lark in the heavens.—*Cornish Weekly News and Advertiser.*

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"We called her 'Precious,' 'Lamb,' and 'Sweet,'
And 'Pretty Cheek,' 'Pet,' 'Lily,' 'Dove:'
Such names as mothers use above,
When they their missing infants greet."

—*London Examiner.*

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